The
Lyrick Poet
Odes and Satyres
translated out of
Horace into English
verse
Sunt Chartæ tibi quas Catonis vnus
Et quas horribiles legant Sabinæ

THE LYRICK POET,

Odes and Satyres Translated out of *Horace* into English Verse,

By *J. S.*

Sunt Chartæ tibi quas Catonis uxor,
Et quas horribiles Legant Sabinæ.

September 25.
Imprimatur, JOHN DOWNAME.

Printed by *Henry Hils*, living over-against S. *Thomas's* Hospital in *Southwark*.
M. DC. XLIX.

SI qui *Catones* ſeveriores, aut ſeculi noſtri triſtiores nimis, quibus ſupercilio * coma ‖ brevior qui literas humaniores contemnunt, peſſundant, Lumine obliquo me intuentes, & penitus miſeris ſoluti cachinnis, Legans *Scaligerum* mundi Hypercriticum, Divinum Legant Divum *Auguſtinum*, quantis Elogiis *Lyricum* noſtrum ad ſydera tollunt, videant.

* *Iuvenalis in ſuæ ætatis Stoicos qui ad cutim tondebantur. Saty:* 2.

Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.

EN Lector tibi Criticè (ut Ludicris nunc mos eſt Magnates interpellandi) cantilenas haſce noſtras, olim ſuæ lingua, & idiomate nón inconcinnas, Aulæ Primariis & ipſi *Cæſari* non ſemel ſed ſæpius modulatas ſuaviter, ſed quorſum hæc dicas ætate nugis & crepundiis nimis impenſa? anne has ſcombros metuentes & thus, aliquando juvat ire per altum, & Argiletanis Tabernis miſſas in aſtra ſago? quid non? cum poſt multas noſtri Lyrici editiones in Linguam vernaculam converſas, darem ego carbaſa ventis? ubi vulgus ronchiſonum, & Pueri naſutiores nobis barbam vellant: in hoc dilemmate nil medium expecto nam minimis & maximis delirare idem eſt, hoc mihi ſolatio ſit, naufragium ſibi quiſq; facit jacta eſt alea fortunæ ludibrio, & noſtri Poetarum temporis cenſuræ & ſic Critice valeto rigide.

DElightfull Horace, *if Saint* Auguſtins *praiſe*
Doth give a Luſtre to thy Lyrick Layes,
How ſhall my pen ſufficiently commend
Thy laſting fame, which never ſhall have end.
If I may light my candell at thy Sun
For to diſcerne how well this worke is done;
And likewiſe what dexterity is ſhowne
In theſe his learned lines, which now are knowne
Unto this Nation, how can I do leſſe,
Then ſay this is part of thy happineſſe,
That our Great Britain *(ſure I do not erre)*
Affordeth thee a neat interpreter;
Yea, what an horrour is it to this Iſle,
And to him likewiſe whoſe moſt pleaſent ſtile
Deſerves no leſſe then what is due to it,
(The bleſſed iſſue of a happy wit)
To be an inſtrument to blaze thy worth,
And like Apelles *thus to ſet thee forth.*

Thomas Smith.

Mulceat Angliacas traductus *Horatius* aures
At flacca eſt auris quæ *Flaccum* concipit *Anglum*
Curandum potius quo currat rivulus iſte,
Quam cujus de fonte fluat, non tam apta culinæ
Quam convivarum proprio placitura palato
Fercula laudamus, Cocus es quem filius artis
Dixerit ac merito menſæq; ollæq; peritum;
Affere & coquere & fruſtatim ſcindere noſti.
Tango, guſto, probo, laudo, quam plurima vero
Paucula ſunt modicum ſalis Angliacumq; ſaporem
Quæ capiunt immo cupiunt ealingula primo
Apparent viſu cruda hæc ſi condiat apte
Veſtra ſecunda manus tunc fiet *Horatius* Anglus
Contingetq; manus populares gratior hoſpes.

Ita ſuadeo.

Tho: Goad.

Colendo Domino Johannis Smitheo *Semper ſuo.*

Si animis altera, fato, debentur corpora (ut ajunt) quis renaſcen
tis *Horatii* ſpiritum in te non ſuſpiciat? O quem te memorem
qui tuo nixu tantum vatem reiterato peperiſti partu, quid ſi *Roma*
nus ille exanguis, & ſuæ jam oblivius linguæ fiet? En denuo re
vixit, en Anglicam callet, & perite exarat: quis crediderit? ſa
licet, is tuus honos eſt, quod multi delibando tentarunt, tu nul
abſolviſti, & flaccum redivivum acumine, ſenſu, & lingua feci
noſtratem. Jactet modo *Roma* ſuum; at tu Angliæ haud ingloriu

Sic cenſet tibi addictiſſimus.

J. E.

*Viro dignissimo doctrina quam ingenio ſpectabili, D. J.S
fideli Poetæ Lyrici Interpreti.*

Argutè didicit Poeta *Flaccus*
Noſtram dicere (te docente) linguam.
Tam fæliciter (annuente Muſa)
Conceptus penetraſſe te videtis
Vatis dulciſoni, velut putamus
Ejus doctam animam in tuum migraſſe
Corpus: Si *Venus* hæc ſuiſſet unquam
Depicta undiq; credo non *Apelles*
Quiſquam, nec *Lyricis* modis Apollo
Clarus, te ſuperare poſſit unquam

Tu facilè laurum merere poſſis,
Et laudem benè, poſteris daturus
Permagnum dedecus, quod imbecilles
Cæptis addere non valent nepotes,
Quæ ſunt digna tuis, parum ſcientes
Concentui Latii, Lyræq; *Flacci*.

Ra: Knevet.

Ad antiquum Φιλομάθον *Academicum ac Amicum D. J. S.*

THeſe to the Authors Pythagorean ſpirit
Which thou by this Tranſlation doſt inherit
I do preſent now Horace *ſings thy praiſe*
To th' Engliſh Harpe, and crown'd thee with his Baies,
Thinke that his Arme ſupports thy honoured creſt,
Whoſe merit, not blind fortune, claimes it beſt
For to elucidate his ſence profound,
Gives a ſtrong argument of judgement ſound,
'Tis wiſht one line had not been left undon,
When in his Poem thou ſo far hadſt gon,
For now new poliſht by thy ſecond hand,
Sweet Odes and Satires ſharp we underſtand,
Which by the Latian ſtraines ſo well are known,
That Horace *might them challenge for his own.*
The difference this, thy verſe his ſence comes nigh,
But his rich veine no pencell can ſupply;
Yet like Hipocrates his Twins let ether
As if but one, both live and dye together.

Richard Pepis.

IT is obſerved when Apollo *playes*
Pans pipe is ſilent, wreaths of Delphick *bayes*
Become thy Temples, no more I intend
But to ſpeak plaine, thou art the Muſes friend.
Yet were it lawfull I ſhould dare repine,
(Not wrong'd the Author) that thy worke's not mine.

W. D.

Encomion in Authorem ſolutis modis compoſitum.

SPeraſtin *Flacce*, priſco ſupreſtes ſæclo,
Te noſtram dudùm didiciſſe linguam
Et tranſalpina modulatum iri,
Quæ quam ſit tenuis, noramus chorda?
Nequaquam, Dulce Meum; At ultra fidem
Jam prodis Lyram pulſans Anglicanam.

Ne

Ne tu mirare nec morare noſtram
Creſcentem modo comitèr *Thaliam*
Imbrachiare; extra * *Venuſinos* Autumna poſſe ſpaciari muros,
Interdùm celebres tèr tres ſorores,
Nec ſemper nobis eſſe intercluſas.
Parumpèr *Latia* fileſcat Muſa,
Exulat ſuum precor, idioma,
Dum te exotico actutùm rhythmo
Fundentem ſuaves ſtupeamus cantilenas.
Quas tuus tuæ Traductor vertit laudi,
Ut ſic arguto cum *Martiale* poſſis
(Tutó & *Momo* muto) gloriari;
Dicitur & noſtras cantare *Britannia* verſus.

Martial. Lib. 7. Epigram 10.

Thruſtanus Smith.

Eques Auratus.

*Venuſia is a Town where Horace was borne.

Interpres Poetæ Lytici.

TAngere nunc *Epicurus* optat, nunc *Stoicus* optat,
Quam ſibi *Mecænas* vendicat eſſe, *Lyram*.
Qui Capite obſtipo defigit lumina terræ,
Indulget Genio ſæpius ipſe ſuo.
Barbiton *Amphion* qualis cum pectine pulſans
Saxa ferunt lepidis ſponte movere modis.
Orpheus ſeu plectro cum ſiſtit fulmina lapſu,
Concubat in ſylvis Agna Leone ſimul.
Delphinimq; ſuper cithera plangebat *Arion*,
Non homines vicit, vicit at ille mare.
Sed tu *Flacce*, Lyra cum tu modularis eburna;
Romanos cohibes moribus eſſe feris.
Tu procul a nobis, & noſtris finibus arce
Agreſtes ritus, barbariemq; procul.
Rurigenæ & tenui diviſis orbe *Britannis*,
Carmina cantanti parce benigne tua.

THE LYRICK POET.

ODE I.

Some are delighted with one thing, ſome with another, but *Horace* doth affect the name of a Poet, eſpecially a Lyrick.

To Sir JOHN BARRINGTON.

Mæcenas atavis ædite Regibus.

FRom *Grandſires* Kings *Mecenus* by diſcent,
O my ſafe refuge, my ſweet ornament,
With Chariots ſome th'Olympick duſt make riſe
With burning wheels, paſſing the Bounds the priſe
The noble Palme, which of men gods doth make,
And ſo victorious up to heaven doth take.
Another's pleas'd when giddy Ronts purſue,
With triple honours him for to indue,
A third if once he hath his Barnes well fill'd
With whatſoe're the *Lybian* ſoile doth yeild,
Becauſe in tillage he delight doth take,
On nò conditions he will it forſake.
With *Cyprian*-pine the Marr'ner cuts with fear
The dreadfull Sea, though once he wretched were.
The Merchant frighted with th' *Icarian* flouds,
Praiſes the Country life, the fields, the woods,

But that fear paſt, his torne Ships new heel'e reare,
Nor will indure of poverty to hear.
Of *Maſſick* wine ſome do delight to taſte,
And of the day the better part to waſte,
Under the Arbure green ſometimes he's ſpread,
Then to the ſacred fountaine leanes his head.
Some wars delight, hatefull to woman kind,
To hear loud Trumpets ſound, ſhrill Cornets wind,
The Huntſman doth forget his dainty wife
And in cold nights he ſpends part of his life,
Whether his truſty Hounds the Hind do ſeek,
Or *Marſian* Boar which through ſtrong toyles doth break,
The Ivie garland, learned Poets Crown,
Amongſt the gods hath given me high renown.
The *Silvane* Troops, Fawns, Nimps and Satires light,
From vulgar Poets me have ſever'd quite,
If that *Euterpe*, *Polyhimnia*,
Sweet pipes and *Lesbian* harps do not deny,
But if *Mæcenas* we a Lyrick make,
Amonſt the ſtars to ſhine Ile undertake.

Ode II.

In revenge of *Julius Cæſars* death, many tempeſts were ſent upon the *Romans*.

To Auguſtus Ceſar.

Jam ſatis terris nivis atque diræ.

SHarp ſnow and haile enough upon the Land
Now *Jove* hath ſent, and with his thundring hand
The ſacred Towers and Turrets he doth ſhake,
And the great City he doth make to quake;
Affrighting Nations, leaſt vild *Parhams* age
For monſters griev'd, now once againe ſhould rage,
When *Proteus* made the Sea calves mountaines ſee,
And drue the fiſhes to the higheſt tree:

Which

Which was well known for Doves at Sea t' have been,
And fearfull Hinds to ſwim in Seas were ſeen.
The yellow *Tiber* with turn'd ſtreames to flow,
And backward from the *Tyrrhene* Seas to go,
We ſaw with violence the Kings ſtately Seat,
And *Veſtas* Temple to the ground to beat:
Whilſt *Ilia* too much mourning for what's loſt,
Th' uxorious river of revenge doth boaſt,
And wandering fals down with a left-hand banke,
(For which great *Jove* would never give him thank)
The decay'd youth through Parents vice ſhall hear,
What ſwords amongſt the *Romans* ſharp'ned were;
And the fierce battailes which them ſo annoied,
Then better might the *Perſians* have deſtroyed.
Which of the gods ſhall we thy people pray,
From ruine this vaſt Empire for to ſtay?
And with what prayers ſhall chaſte Virgins trie,
The goddeſſe *Veſta* who will them deny?
To which of them ſhall *Jupiter* commend
With expiations this great ſin to end.
Augure *Apollo*, we pray thou at laſt
Maiſt come with clouds on thy white ſhoulders plac'd,
Or rather ſmiling *Venus*, hither high,
About whom mirth and love doth alwayes flye:
Or thou O *Mars*, our Author yet look back
On thy neglected ſtock that goes to wrack.
Alas, thou glutted with long wars delight
Whom ſhouts do pleaſe, and Helmets with plumes (light,
And the fierce viſage of the *More* that goes
On foot to fight againſt his bloudy foes.
Or whether the wing'd ſon of *Maia* clear,
Which the chang'd forme of Man do'ſt now appear,
And art content for to be call'd by name,
The juſt revenger of great *Cæſars* fame;
Fate maiſt thou in the Heavens return againe,
Merry and long with *Romans* long remaine,

Griev'd with our ſins no ſwifter wind may take
Thee from our ſight, and ſo us to forſake.
Here maiſt thou raigne triumphantly, here rather
Lov'd to be ſtil'd our Prince and Countries Father,
And *Cæſar* thou art Captaine and our guide,
Ne're ſuffer *Parthians* unreveng'd to ride.

ODE III.

He prayeth for the ſafety of the Ship that bareth *Virgil* to *Athens*.

To Sir JOHN MEAUX.

Sic te Diva petens Cypre.

SO may the powerfull * *Cyprian* Queen thee guide,
So *Hellens* brothers bright ſtars hath betide
And *Æolus* with all winds elſe cloſe ſhut,
To thee none but the Weſt wind to let out.
I pray thee Ship, that do'ſt my *Virgill* owe,
And to thy truſt delivered to beſtow
Him ſafely landed on the *Attick* ſhoare,
And keep the halfe part of thy ſoule and more.
He ſure had heart of Oak and triple Braſſe
About his breaſt, who firſt ſo ventrous was
To launch his brittle Bark into rough Seas,
Nor fear how North and South wind diſagrees,
Nor the ſad *Hyader* or raging North
Then which none can on *Hadria* come forth,
Greater to raiſe, or flouds to put down quite,
What ſtep of death did ever him affright;
Who monſters ſwimming beheld with drie eyes
And the great Sea when ſwelling it did riſe,
And the defamed rocks near to the Sea,
Call'd by the *Greeks* || *Acroceraunia*.

* *Caſtor & Pollux, geminæ ſtellæ navis ſalutaris & navigationis proſperæ nunciæ.* || *Juga montium Epiri.*

Gods

Gods wiſdome hath diſ-joyn'd to us in vaine,
The earth from the unſociable maine;
If impious Ships as yet through theſe Seas glide,
Not to be touch'd for dangers uneſpi'd.
Mankind that althings doth and nothing ſums,
Into forbidden crimes too bloudy runs.
Japets bold Son *Prometheus* by ill fraud,
From Heaven into the Earth hath fire convey'd,
And after fire, a new and hideous birth
Of Leanneſſe, Agues, peſtred hath the earth;
And Death that firſt came ſlow, though ſure at laſt,
Then far remov'd, quickens his pace with haſt.
Dædalus ſince with wings not to men given,
Attempted to flie through the empty heaven.
Hercules labour once through Hell did paſſe,
Nothing to mortals ever heard yet was,
We with our follies up to Heaven do clime:
Nor through our leaudneſſe will at any time
Suffer great *Jove* his angry Thunder-bolts
For to lay down, ſtill us'd through our revolts.

ODE IV.

To *Lu: Sextius Conſul.*

The ſweetneſſe of the Spring deſcribed, and the common cuſtome of dying propounded, like an Epicure he ſtirs up *Sext:* to a pleaſant life.

To Sir HENRY FELTON.

Solvitur acris hyems grata vice veris & Favoni.

SHarp winter now is paſt
With *Zepires* gentle blaſt,
The Spring revives againe
Dry Ships draw to the Maine.

No cattle ſtables uſe,
The plough-men fire refuſe;
Nor Meadowes do look white
With hoary froſts by night.
Venus doth dances lead,
The Moon ſhines above head;
Nymphs, *Graces*, tripping round
Do lightly tread the ground;
Vulcan with *Cyclops* great
Joves thunder-bolts do heat:
'Tis comely to be ſeen
To bind with Myrtle green
Thy head, or with ſuch flowers
As ſpring with milder ſhowers,
Now in a ſhady grove
As token of thy love.
To *Faunus* give a Lambe
Or Kid new falne from dam:
O *Sextus* do not doubt
Pale death with equall foot,
Doth ſtrike at Princes Towers
As well as poor mens bowers.
Nor our few years will give
To us long hope to live.
Now death is hard at hand
Thy *Manes* to command,
And *Plutoes* Court ſo thin
Where thou maiſt enter in,
Ere thy chance * moſt or leaſt
Thou ſhalt not rule the feaſt;
Nor *Lycida* admire
Whom all young-men deſire,
And Virgins in their turne
Straight with his love ſhall burn.

* The *Romans* when they made a Feaſt, choſe a King by chance of dice.

Ode V.

To Parrah.

Horrace eſcaping out of the inticements of *Pyrrha*, as one from the danger of ſhip-wrack, affirmes ſuch to be inmiſerable, as are intangled with her love.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa.

What ſlender youth is he that oft doth meet
With Roſes, and moiſt odours ſmelling ſweet,
Under thy gratefull Cell, O *Pyrrha* faire ?
To whom doſt thou bind up thy yellow haire ?
In outſide ſimple : alas, how in vaine
Shall ſhe of love and changed gods complaine,
To ſee ſmooth Seas, with black winds ſoon made rough,
Nor being skilfull ſhall complain enough ;
Truſting that he alone injoyes thy love
From all ; and hopes it never will remove :
Poor ſimple ſoul, not knowing thy falſe heart,
Now woe to whom thou ſmit'ſt with unkonwn Art,
The votive picture to the wall made faſt,
Doth ſhew that I my moiſt cloathes have at laſt
Hung up to thee, O *Neptune* god of Seas,
Since me to ſave from ſhipwrack thou didſt pleaſe.

Ode VI.

To Agrippa.

That *Varius* ſhould ſing the Wars of *Agrippa*, and that *Horace* was only fit to write of banquets, and love delights.

Thou art O valiant Conquerour of men,
Deſcrib'd by *Varius* with great *Homers* pen ;

Whatever Trophies gain'd by Sea and Land
By the fierce Souldier under thy command.
But we theſe things, *Agrippa*, cannot ſpeak,
Our feeble wits for great things are too weak;
Nor of *Achilles* not known to give place,
Nor yet by Sea, *Ulisſes* double race;
Neither can we the cruel houſe relate
Of *Pelops*, which did murthers perpetrate;
Whilſt modeſtie and the Harps powerfull Muſe
For War's unfit, forbid me to abuſe
With my ſlow wit, thine and great *Cæſar's* name,
Or with my pen t'extenuate your fame:
For who could ever worthily ſet out,
Mars clad in Adamant from head to foot?
Or ſtout *Meriones* made black in *Troies* duſt;
Or *Tydides* to th' gods compared juſt,
By *Pallas* help? we banquets, battailes write,
Of evil Virgins which 'gainſt young-men fight
With nailes new par'd, we idle or in love,
Not beſides cuſtome, thus doe lightly move.

ODE VII.

To *Manutius Plancus*.

Some praiſe other Cities and Regions, but *Horace* prefers *Tibur* before them all, where *Plancus* was born, whom he wiſheth to drown his cares with Wine.

To Sir JOHN HEYDON.

Laudabant alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen.

SOme praiſe bright *Rhodes*, and ſome praiſe *Mitylen*,
Some *Epheſus*, ſome *Corinths* double heaven;
With *Bacchus*, *Thebes*, *Apollo*, *Delphos*, Towne,
And in *Theſſalia*, *Tempe* beares renowne

But

But amongſt Poets *Athens* ſhould excell,
Where chaſt *Minerva* doth delight to dwell.
And to each forehead bind an Olive bough,
For that as proper, *Pallas* doth allow.
Argos for horſe, *Micenas* rich in gold,
In *Junos* honour are of moſt extold;
Not *Lacedæmon*, rich *Lariſſas* ground:
Do ſo affect me, as *Albuncas* ſound,
Swift *Anio*, *Tiburnes* lake, and Orchards ſet
With circling rivers round about be-wet. (ſweep,
And as bright South from dark heaven clouds doth
Nor doth perpetuall ſhowers bring forth or keep,
So thou my *Plancus* wiſely learn to drown'd
Thy cares and labours, with Cups crowned round;
Whether the Tents ſhining with Enſignes pleaſe,
Or in thy *Tiburs*-ſhade thou takſt thy eaſe,
When from his father and from *Salamine*
Teucer would fly, his Temples moiſt with wine;
Some ſay with Popler-garlands were cloſe bound,
And thus ſaid to his ſad friends ſtanding round:
At Fortunes better than a fathers call,
Let's go, O Mates, let's go companions all.
Diſpaire not then for *Teucer* leads us out,
Nor of *Apollos* promiſe we may doubt,
Another *Salamine* to find at laſt,
Be valiant then for ſince the worſt is paſt:
Let's drive out cares with wine, for we again
To morrow will out through the mightie Main.

ODE

Ode VIII.

To Lydia.

He doth shew how young *Sybaris* was wretchedly wasted and destroyed with the love of *Lydia*.

Lydia dic, per omnes.

I Do conjure thee by the Gods above,
Thou telst me *Lydia*, why thou with thy love
Young *Sybaris* spoilst? why he the fields doth shun,
Being sometimes patient both of dust and Sun?
Nor Soldier like doth with his equalls ride, (guide?
Nor with sharp Bits the rough french Steeds doth
And why he fears to swim through *Tybers* floud?
And shuns the Olive more then vipers bloud?
Nor with arms blew with harneise waight doth go,
Nor doth beyond the mark the *Discus* throw;
What, lies he hid? like watry *Thetis* Son,
A while before *Troies* sad destruction;
Least in mans habit they should find him out;
And thrust him forth into the *Lycian* Rout.

Ode IX.

By how much more winter rageth, by so much more we should give our selves to pleasures.

To Francis Warner Esq.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte.

THou seest white Soracts head
With deep snows overspread,
The ore-charg'd woods to bow,
And greatest flouds run slow:
Now shut could out of door
By burning wood good store.

Let

Let *Sabine* wines now ſwim,
With bowles fild to the brim,
And think it *Thaſiarck* beſt
To th'Gods to leave the reſt:
Who ſoon loud winds appeaſe
Within the ragging Seas,
Nor Cypreſſe 'gainſt the Aſh
They 'ile ſuffer once to daſh;
Shun thou to pray or ſee
What may to morrow be,
What change each day doth ſend
To profit it commend.
Nor ſcorne (my boy,) ſweet love,
Nor daunces for to move,
Whilſt to thy tender years
No froward age appears
Broad Allies, open fields,
By night ſweet whiſpering yields,
And in an hour once ſet
Theſe things thou maiſt repeat:
Now in a corner nigh
A maid thou maiſt eſpie,
Though hid, yet willing ſhee
That laughter makes thee ſee,
And from her a pluckt chaine
Shee'l poorely ſnatch againe.

Ode X.

To Mercurii.

Whom he commendeth for his eloquence, his Parentage, invention of the Harps and wraſtling, but chiefly for his cunning in ſtealing, and many other qualities, with which he was endued.

Mercuri facundè Nepes Atlantis.

FAcetious *Hermes*, *Atlas* his grand-child,
Who with fine ſleights and muſick haſt beguild

Mens

Mens ruder manners, of thee I will ſing
The Gods known Herold, and high *Jove's* their King;
The harps inventer, cunning firſt to ſteale
Then the ſweet theft as witty to conceale.
When thou wert young, *Apollo* threathened ſore
Thee for to ſtrike, unleſs thou wouldſt reſtore
Admetus herd, which thou hadſt got by theft,
But ſmild when he of's Quiver was bereft.
Thou being guide, *Troy* left, rich *Priam* went
Without diſcovery to *Atrides* Tent;
And the Greek Guardes and watches did paſſe by,
Which with the *Trojannes* were at enmitie.
Thou bleſſed ſouls in joyfull ſeats didſt place,
And driv'ſt to Hell light troupes with golden Mace:
A welcome Gueſt thou art to Gods above,
And to theſe Powers that here beneath do move.

Ode XI.

To Leuconoe.

He doth exhort *Leuconoe* that omiting all cares of future things, to give her ſelf to pleaſures, bringing an Argument from the ſhortneſſe and ſwiftneſſe of mans life.

Tu ne queſieris ſcire nefas quem mihi
quem tibi finem dii dederint Leuconoe.

IT's ſinne *Leuconoe* to deſire to find,
For thee and me, what the Gods have deſign'd,
Or after the *Caldæan* wizards rnn,
What's beſt to ſuffer or beſt to be done.
Whether more winters *Jupiter* will give,
Or this the laſt that we muſt hope to live.
Now drink brisk wines that thou mayeſt better ſpeak
How this laſt year the *Tyrrhene* ſea made weak;
Though with oppoſed Rocks it ſeem'd ſecure,
Cut of vain hopes for ever to endure.

Make

Make uſe of time, for envious life doth flie,
Whilſt we do ſpeak, to morrow think to die.

Ode XII.

To Augustus.

Having praiſed the Gods, the *Heroes* and many other famous men at laſt deſcends to the Divine praiſe of *Auguſtus*.

Quem virum aut Heroa, Lyra vel acri
Tibia ſumes celebrare Clio.

WHat valiant *Heroe*, Prince, or power Divine
To celebrate. *Clio* doſt thou incline
With a ſhrill pipe, or harpe his name to ſing,
Or which a nimble Eccho loud might ring
Either on *Helicons* dark ſhady bounds,
Or elſe on *Pindus*, or cold *Hæmus* grounds,
From whence the trees did haſtily purſue
Sweet ſinging *Orpheus* flocking him to view,
Slacking by muſick, the ſwift fall of flouds,
Charming ſwift winds, drawing the liſting woods.
Or ſhall I proſecute with wonted praiſe
His Parents great whom Gods and Man obeies.
Who tempers Sea and Earth, and the Worlds Ball
With ſeaſons change ſweetly to riſe and fall.
From whom none greater then himſelf can ſpring
Nor ever flouriſh like, or ſecond thing,
But the next honours *Pallas* claims by right,
Nor I'le conceale thee *Bacchus* bold in fight,
Nor thou O Maid a foe to beaſts which art,
Nor *Phœbus* thee fear'd for thy right aim'd dart.
Next of *Alcides* Acts I mean to tell,
And *Lædas* ſons in arms that did excell,
The one with horſe moſt valiantly could fight,
Th'other on foot conquer'd with glory bright.
Both which in heaven a Conſtellation clear,
No ſooner doth to Mariners appear,

But

But ſnow diſſolves, and from ſteep rocks doth flow;
Clouds are diſperſt, and the fierce winds are low.
So the rough waves within the Seas lie ſtill,
Not threatning ſhip-wrack for ſuch is their will.
Next after theſe, muſt I revive again,
Romulus and *Pompilius* quiet raign;
Of *Regulus* and *Scauri*, and th' high mind
Of *Paulus* prodigall whom of's life we find;
Ore'come by *Haniball*, which I relate,
To ſound his merit of the *Romans* ſtate.
Or good *Fabritius* honour'd much of all,
And *Curius* careleſſe how his locks did fall.
Him with *Camillus* want, for warres made fit,
Bred in a Cottage, and ſcant ground to it.
Marcellus fame, at laſt aloft doth clime,
Like a Trees grouth, which ſeems hid for a time:
And as the Moon puts out the ſtars dim light,
So *Julius* ſtar above them all ſhines bright.
Thou father and preſerver of Man-kind,
Old *Saturnus* ſon, firmly keep thou in mind.
The care of *Fates* to thee of *Cæſar* given,
That he may raign in earth as thou in heaven.
Whether the *Parthians* feirce he ſhall drive out
From *Rome*, and in great Triumphs lead about,
Or that the *Seres*, or *Indians* ſtruck with fear,
To the Sun-riſing Coaſts his yoke ſhall bear.
Let him leſſe then thy ſelf, the worlds care take,
When that thy thundring Chariot heaven doth ſhake,
Thou angry Thunderbolts throw'ſt down with might
Upon thoſe Nations that in ſins delight.

ODE

Ode XIII.

To Lydia.

He takes it very heavily, that *Lydia* ſhould prefer his Corrivall *Thelephus* before him.

Quum tu Lydia Telephi.

WHen thou doſt liken to the Roſe ſo faire
Telephus neck, his arms to wax compare.
Oh how my liver doth with choller ſwell,
Reaſon nor colour than in me can dwell.
The teares by ſtealth which on my cheeks do fall,
Shew what ſoft fire I am conſum'd withall;
I burn, when he with wine thy ſhoulders wets,
Or on thy lips his tooth a mark faſt ſets,
Ne're truſt me if thou ever him doſt find
That Kiſſes wrongs, to be a lover kind,
Which *Venus* ſweet with a * fifth part indowes,
Of that delicious *Nectar* ſhe beſtowes;
Thrice ‖ and more happy they which with no ſtrife,
Break their love knot but end it with their life.

* *Quinque Amoris partes.* ‖ *Rara avis in terris.*

Ode XIV.

To the Common-wealth, renewing again civil Wars.

To Sir Robert Hatton.

O Navis referent in mare te novi
Fluctus: O quid agis? fortiter occupa.

NEw flouds, O Ship, will force thee to the Main,
What doſt? be valiant: ſtrive the Port to gain.
Doſt thou not ſee how thy broad ſide lies bare
Without an oare? how furious winds prepare
Thy Maſt to break? thy ſail yards are not ſure,
Nor can the keel th'imperious Seas endure.

With-

Without ſtrong cables, all thy ſails are torne,
Nor will the Gods relieve thee thus forlorne;
Though thou a daughter nobly doſt deſcend
From *Pontique* Pine, in vain thou doſt commend
Thy Name and Race, no painted Ship can winn
The fearfull Mariners to ſail therein.
Beware leſt too much truſting to ſelf pride,
Thou makſt the bluſtring winds thee to deride.
Thou which of late wert troubleſome to me,
Now my deſires and cares are whole for thee; (Seas,
That thou thus warn'd maiſt ſhun thoſe dangerous
Which rage between the round ſet Cyclades.

ODE XV.

The Prophecie of *Neptune* upon the Deſtruction of *Troy*:

To Sir WILLIAM DOILEY.

Paſtor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hoſpitam.

THe faithleſſe Shepheard when he ſtole away
In Trojane Ships leaud *Helen* for his pray, (come,
How the ſwift winds were with ſmooth calms o're
That *Nereus* thus might ſing his fatall doome.
With ill luck thou didſt bring her home to *Troy*,
Whom to fetch back *Greece* Cov'nants to deſtroy
With warlike hand, thy Mariages unchaſt,
And with fierce rage old *Ilium* to lay waſt.
O what great toil both horſe and man doth take,
What funerals for *Troy* thy luſt doth make.
Now *Pallas* ſhield and helmet doth prepare
Her Chariots and her fury fit for warre;
In vain being valiant thou ſeekſt *Venus* aid,
And thy diſheveld hairs in curles doſt braid.
In vain with wanton harp thou wilt divide
Thy warbling Sonnets fitteſt for a bride.

In

In vain thou in thy Bed-chamber ſhalt fly
Strong ſpears, or *Gnoſſian* cruel darts put by.
The hideous ſhouts of *Ajax* for to ſhun,
Who in foot races all men doth out run.
Alas, though late thy whoriſh locks they muſt
Cyld and perfum'd, bedaub'd with dirt and duſt.
Doſt thou not ſee, how *Troys* deſtruction
Is fram'd by *Neſtor* and *Laertes* ſon?
Teucer and *Salaminus* both do ſtrive,
With fight-skil'd *Sthenelus* thee to deprive
Of life, this laſt moſt fit the horſe to ride,
Or with ſtrong hand the Chariot ſwift to guide.
Meriones thou ſhalt know's not behind,
How *Diomedes* will rage thee to find?
From whom thou frighted like a Hart wilt fly,
VVhen he a VVolfe though a far off doth ſpy,
VVhich out of fear forgets to touch the graſſe,
And panting out for breath away doth paſſe.
Didſt thou theſe dangers to thy Miſtris tell?
No, with great boaſtings thou thy fears didſt quell.
Now a black day to *Troy* and *Trojane* Dams,
Achilles angry fleet at laſt proclaims,
That after the ninth winters full return,
The *Trojane* Towers with *Grecian* fire ſhall burn.

Ode XVI.

To his Miſtris.

To his *Miſtris*, to whom he ſings a Palinode, and craveth pardon for offending her with his Jambicks transferring all the fault upon his anger, which he deſcribes to be implacable.

O Matre pulchra filia pulchrior.

O Daughter! fairer than thy Mother faire,
VVhat doome thou likſt for my ſharp rimes pre-

Either by fire or water them conſume,
VVhich thee to wrong ſo boldly did preſume.
Not *Cybile*, or from his ſacred ſeat,
Apollo doth the hearts of Prieſts ſo heat,
Or *Bacchus* his, or *Coribantes* ſhrill
Braſſe ſounding Timbrels with ſuch rage can fill,
As anger ſad, which no ſwords edge can tame
Or wraking Seas, or fires conſuming flame,
Or *Jupiter* deſcending from above
VVith thundring hand, can ceaſe, or yet remove.
It's ſaid, *Prometheus* by conſtraint did take
From every beaſt a parcell for to make
Man more compleat, which done he did impart
To his mild courage, the fierce Lions heart.
How cruell angers did *Thyceſtes* wound,
And mighty Cities level'd with the ground.
So that the Souldier was ore'come with pride,
To ſee his hoſtile plough thoſe walls divide.
Suppreſſe thy fury, for 'twas youthfull ire,
That made me write. Jambicks hot as fire.
Now will I change my raſh and bitter note,
And to thy will Ile wholly me devote.
Hoping thereby that I may gain thy love,
And that thou wilt all former faults remove.

Ode XVII.

To Tyndarides.

He inviteth her into *Lucretile*, and ſheweth how many commodities ſhe ſhall receive thereby.

Velox amœnum ſæpe Lucretilem.

SWift *Faunus* oft from Mount *Lycæus* goes,
To ſweet *Lucretiles* for freſh repoſe.
Who alwayes doth my little Goats defend
From the Suns heate, and moiſt winds that offend;

Which

Which wandring Herds of th' known ſtincking Sire,
Do without loſſe ſeek after and deſire
The hidden Arbutes, and Thyme for their food,
Within the dark ſhads of the harmleſſe wood.
Neither do they the gliſtring Adders fear,
Or that fierce Wolves ſhould in their folds appear.
When two ſweet pipes low Uſtick valleys ſing,
Or Rocks, O *Tyndaris*, with *Eccheos* ring;
My verſe and Innocence enough commend
Me to the Gods, whom ſurely they defend.
From hence to thee ſhall in abundance flow
The choiceſt fruits, which in the Countrey grow.
Here in cloſe Vallies thou ſhalt ſhun the fire
O'th' *Syrian* Dogſtar, with *Anacreons* Lyre
Maiſt ing *Penelopes* and *Circes* love,
Who both for one, with great contention ſtrove.
Here in the ſhade thou ſhalt drink *Lesbian* wine,
So midde that full Cups cannot *Bachus* joyne
In broiles with *Mars*, nor needſt thou *Cyrus* fear,
Leſt ſaucy he with wanton hand ſhould tear;
And take from off thy head thy roſie Crown,
Ti'd to thy locks, which ore thy robes hang down.

Ode XVIII.

To Quintilius Varus.

That wine moderately taken doth cheer the Spirits, but immoderately turneth into furie.

To Sir Charles Gaudy.

Nullam Vare ſacræ vitæ ſeveris arborem.

VArus thou canſt not plant a better Tree
Within mild *Tiburs* well, tild ſoil to be,

Or to *Catillus* walls better to joyne,
Then is the ſacred and the fruitfull vine,
For God in Natures works hath ſo propoſ'd,
That to the dry all hard things are diſpoſ'd.
Nor elſe ſharp biting cares away would flie,
Who after wine blames want, or povertie?
Or rather *Bacchus*, thou, or *Venus* ſweet,
May we have praiſe or blame when more then's meet,
Taſting your bounties we ſeem *Lapithy*,
Who did in drink the *Centaurs* hot defie.
So we are warn'd, the quarrell was not light,
When with the *Thracians Evius* waged fight.
For right or wrong they fiercely did contend
With difference ſmall their luſts for to defend.
I will not drink, when thou doſt it forbid,
Good *Baſſereu*, nor blab thy *Orgies* hid,
Which round with boughs were ſet, & garniſh'd out,
When frantickly thy Prieſts did run about.
Suppreſſe thy *Berecyntbian* horns and drums,
For blind ſelf love with theſe ſoon after comes,
And that which glaſſe-like ſhews an emptie braine,
Vaine glory, which no ſecrets can containe.

Ode XIX.

Of Glycera.

With whoſe love he is tormented.

Mater ſæva Cupidinum.

THe cruel mother of affections vild,
Of *Thebane Semele* the ſtill-young * child,
And wanton ſloth bids me my mind to bend
Unto thoſe loves, which once in me had end.
Shining more pure than *Parian* marble bright,
Glycera's beauty doth conſume me quit,

* *Bacchus* whom the Poets fain to be alwayes young.

Her pleaſing anger, and her eyes that turn,
The more I look, the more with them I burn.
Venus her *Cyprus* wholly doth forſake,
And ruſhing out forbids me undertake
To ſpeak of *Scythians*, and of *Parthians* ſtout,
VVho from turn'd horſes ſhoot their arrows out
Againſt their enemies; with a bow that's ſtrong,
Theſe things do nothing unto love belong.
Prepare a turfe my boy, which now doth live,
And alſo hearbs and odours to me give
Of two year old, with a cup full of wine,
VVhich done, more gent'ly ſhee'l to me incline.

Ode XX.

To Mæcenas.

Whom he invites to a Banquet, but ſuch a one as ſhould not be very coſtly.

Vide potabis modicis Sabinum Cantharis.

SMall *Sabine* wines in mean cups thou ſhalt taſt
My dear *Mæcenas*, which I ſeald up faſt
In *Grecian* bottles when th'applauſe was given
Thee in the Theatre, which reacht up to heaven.
VVhat time thy Native *Tibers* bancks did ſtrive,
And *Vatican* Ecchoes thy praiſe to receive.
Thou drinkſt rich *Calene* and *Campanian* wines,
Freſh and new preſſed from the choiceſt vines,
But neither *Formian*, or *Falernian*, I
Have in my Celler thee to gratifie.

Ode XXI.

Upon Diana and Apollo.

He doth exhort young boyes and virgins to ſing their praiſes.

Dianam teneræ dicite Virgines.

YOu tender Virgins ſing *Dianas* praiſe,
And you young Boyes chant forth with merry laies.
Unſhorn *Apollo*, and *Latonas* love,
So much affected by the higheſt *Jove*.
You Nymphs, praiſe her, that haunts the ſilver flouds,
And joyes to ſeek chaſt ſports in ſhady woods,
Which on the tops of *Algid* cold are ſeen,
Dark *Erymanthus* grove, or *Cragus* green,
So you, O Lads, with praiſes new adorn,
Tempe and *Delos* where they both were born,
Where on his ſhoulder he his quiver wears,
And famous for his brothers harp he bears,
Mov'd with your prayers, let him drive from hence
All wretched famin, Wars, and Peſtilence,
And far from *Cæſar* and his people quite,
Let them on *Perſians* and on *Brittains* lite.

Avertat omen *Britannis*.

Ode XXII.

To Ariſtius Fuſcus.

That integritie of life is alwayes ſafe, which he prooves by his own exampie.

To Sir Philip Parker.

WHoſe life is juſt and from ſins pure,
No *Maurian* darts, nor bow needs bear,
O *Fuſcus*, nor no quiver wear,
Of poiſoned ſhafts, from harms ſecure.

VVhether

Whether by ſearching ſands he takes
His journey, or through *Caucaſe* cold,
Or through thoſe places where with gold,
Hydaſpes ſlides, his way he makes.

For whilſt in *Sabine* woods I ſung,
My *Lalage* from all cares free,
Paſſing my bounds; a Wolfe did flee
From me unarm'd, and did no wrong.

None ſuch doth warlike *Daunia* feed
In her vaſt Lawns of monſtrous kind,
Nor *Jubas* purched ſoil doth find,
Though Nurce of Lions ſuch can breed.

Now place me under that cold Clime,
Where trees refreſh'd with no ſweet gale,
Where conſtant ſtorms of ſnows and hail,
Where alwayes winter, never prime.

Or underneath *Sols* flaming rayes,
Where never mortals yet did dwell,
For ſmiling and for ſpeaking well,
There *Lalage* I'le love and praiſe.

Ode XXIII.

To Chloe.

There is no cauſe that Chlöe ſhould ſhun ſocietie, being of ripe years, and fit for a man.

Vitas hinulo me ſimilis Chlöe.

Like a young Hind thou *Chlöe* me doſt ſhun,
Seeking his Dam through by-wayes he doth run,
And with vain fear, and whiſtling of the aire,
And the leaſt twig that ſtirs, it him doth ſcare;
And when the winds in trembling leaves do ruſh,
Or when green Lizards ſtir within the buſh,
In heart and body he doth fear and quake,
Fierce Tiger like, nor Lion I'le thee take.

Leave off thy Mother now, when thou art fit
To pleaſe a man, now *Chlöe* ſhew ſome wit.

Ode XXIIII.

To Virgill

Who doth immoderately bewail the death of *Quintilius*.

To Thomas Knevet Eſq.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus.

What ſhames it though affections gives no end
To grief for looſing of ſo dear a friend?
Melpomene impoſe thy ſtrict command
On me, ſad Elegies to take in hand.
To thee a Harp and melting voice was given,
As thy great fathers legacie from heaven.
Could endleſſe ſleep thee rare *Quintilius* ſtrike?
To whom for virtue, who can find the like?
As naked Truth, Faith, Juſtice, Modeſtie.
Of all good men lamented yet to die?
But moſt of all *Virgill* of thee bewail'd,
Whoſe prayer for him but lent, the Gods have fail'd.
What if the *Thracian, Orpheus* with ſweet ſtring,
To's flattering harp the liſtning woods could bring,
Yet could he not from pale-*Stix* draw again
His dear *Euridice* ever to remain.
Who doom'd by *Mercurii* to that ſable rout,
By his dire rod no prayer could get out.
The loſſe is hard, yet 'tis ſin to contend,
What we with patience in ſome ſort may mend.

To

Ode XXV.

To Lydia.

He insults upon her, that now shee being old is worthily scorned of her lovers.

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras.

PRoud Lovers now more sparingly do shake,
Thy closed windowes, nor from thee doth take
Thy sleeps, as when they often stones did cast,
Now to the threshold thy gate cleaveth fast;
Which first far easier hindges it did bear,
But daily now, thou lesse and lesse do'st hear;
O *Lydia*, sleep'st thou the long nights, when I
Without thy door am ready for to die?
Now thou art * old, thou likewise dost bemone
Thy scornfull lovers, when that thou alone
In a straight Lane disdain'd, when North winds blow
More fierce, when as the Moon no light doth show;
When as thy burning love, and lust did make
Old jaded *Mars* fresh courage for to take;
Thy ulcerous liver, round about doth burne,
In this respect thou alwayes now shalt morne,
Because glad youth with Ivie green rejoice,
And of black Mirtle she doth make her choise;
But sacred boughes to || *Hebrus* let her bring,
Winter companions which shall never spring.

---

* *Quam misera senectute Meretricum conditio.* || *Fluvius Thraciæ frigidissimus.*

Ode

Ode XXVI.

To his Muſe upon *Elius Lamia.*

That it doth not become the followers of the Muſes, to be ſubject to cares and moleſtations; Then he commands his friends *Lamia* to his Muſe *Pimplea.*

To Sir *Jon Auxton* Eſquire.

Maſis amicus triſtitiam & metas.

I That profeſt my ſelf to be a friend
Of the ſweet Muſes, too ſtrong winds will ſend,
My fears and ſorrows to bear to the Maine,
Where they may ſinke and n're returne againe.
Nor troubled am, though North and Southerne King
Their Subjects love, or terrour to them bring.
O ſweet *Pimplea* that delight doſt take,
In fountaines clear, of choice flowers a Crown make
For my dear *Lamia*, ſince no honours can
Without thy favour profit any man.
For it becomes thee, and the ſiſters mine,
With Lyrick tunes to make him half divine.

Ode XXVII.

To his fellow Gueſts.

That in drinking they ſhould not brawle, nor fight with their cups after the manner of Barbarians.

To Mr Thomas Brampton.

Natis in uſum lætitiæ ſcyphis.

FUll Cups of wine were firſt for mans delight,
And not with them, like *Thracians* for to fight;
Of this ill cuſtome quickly make an end,
And *Bacchus* mild from bloudy broiles defend:

Oh

Oh what great difference the ſharp ſword doth make,
When we with wine our lightſome joyes ſhould make?
Suppreſſe theſe tumults every pleaſant gueſt,
And your own beds upon your elbowes reſt:
Of ſharp *Falernian*, I will take my part,
If brother to *Mequella* tel's what dart,
Or love him bleſt or hurt, conceal'ſt her name
With modeſt loves? what Miſtreſſe doth thee tame?
Upon no other termes I wine will taſte,
For with too baſhfull love thou art diſgrac'd,
What e're ſhe be, commit to my ſafe ear,
Her name and actions, tell them without fear.
Ah wretched youth! worthy of better love,
In what a gulfe of dangers thou do'ſt move.
What Witch, what Wizard, or what power divine,
Can from *Theſſalian* charmes thee quite untwine.

Ode XXVIII.

Architas the Philoſopher and Geometrician is brought in, anſwering to a Marriner, that all men muſt die; and then deſiring him that he would not ſuffer his body to lie upon the ſhoare unburied.

Te maris & terræ, numeroque carentis arenæ
Menſorem cohibent Archyta.

ARchytas, thou which meaſureſt Sea and Land,
And that which number wants, the ſmaller ſand;
A little duſt near to *Matinus* ſhoare
Containes thee now, not all the world before.
What profit was't to thee that needs muſt die
To ſurvey heaven, and through each Pole to flie?
Why, *Pelops* Sire who gods did entertaine;
Long liv'd *Tithonus* could not here remaine:
Nor *Minos*, who *Joves* ſecrets oft did know,
Oft chang'd * *Pantheides* up and down doth go;

* *Pythagoras.*

Though

Though mith *Euphorbus* ſhield he teſtifies,
The *Trojane* times, nought but the body dies,
Thou being judge, he grants no further power
To death but this, our carcaſe to devour:
Nor is our Author baſe. One night takes all,
And in deaths path together we muſt fall.
Many by wars lie breathleſs on the ground,
And greedy Marriners iu the Seas are drown'd,
Young-men and old, mingled together lie:
Nor grimme *Proſerpine* from on head will flie:
The South companion of *Orion* bright,
In the *Illirian* flouds hath drown'd me quite.
Thou envious Marriner, to give do not ſpare,
A little ſand to hide me being bare.
And then what *Eurus* threats th' *Heſperian* flouds,
Let it be burn'd on the *Venuſian* woods:
But thou being ſafe, thy frights may cauſes be,
With *Joves* full hand, and *Neptunes* favouring thee,
Me to neglect, in this then maiſt commit
A fatlt, which to thy children may cloſe ſit.
Perhaps thy funerall rights the next turne ſtraight,
For thy unburied body thus may wait,
Nor with vaine courſes ſhall I be left here;
And from this crime no off'rings ſhall thee clear,
Though thou make haſte (there needs no long delay)
Thrice duſt throwne in, then maiſt thou ſaile away.

ODE.

Ode XXIX.

To Iccius.

It is wonderfull, and almoſt monſtrous, that *Iccius* the Philoſopher ſhould intermit his ſtudies, and for deſire of riches he ſhould follow the wars.

To Sir William Neve.

Icci beatis nunc Arabum invidis Gazis.

Iccius th'*Arabians* wealth thou doſt envy,
And to the wars doſt now thy ſelf apply.
Thou for th'unconquer'd *Medes* and *Sabæes* King,
Doſt wreath ſtrong chaines, in triumph them to bring.
What wife of barbarous husband being ſlaine
To ſerve thy luſt, wilt thou force to retaine?
What Courtly Page, with haire perfum'd, ſhall ſtand
To waite on thee, with quaffing cups in's hand?
Skilfull enough his fathers bow to bend,
Or *Parthian* arrowes with true aime to ſend.
Who'le not believe that rivers readily,
And *Tybers* ſtreames may back to Mountaines flie,
When for books bought, which promis'd better far,
Thou get'ſt a coat of male, and goeſt to war.

Ode XXX.

To Venus.

He doth intreat her that ſhe would come into the houſe of *Glycera*, which was dedicated to her.

O Venus Regina Cnidi Haphiqae.

OF *Cnidos*, *Paphos*, Queen of love
Leave thy dear *Cyprus*, at requeſt
Of *Glicera*, whoſe templet dreſt
With odours ſweet thether remove.
With thee thy Son, Nymphs graces three
With girdles looſe, make haſte to ſee
Hebe and winged *Maias* Son,
Without thy grace are quite undone.

ODE.

Ode XXXI.

To Apollo.

From whom he requireth no riches, but that he may have a ſound mind in a firme body.

Quid dedicatum poſcit Apollinem.

WHat beggs the Poet from *Aprollos* ſhrine?
What craves he pouring forth his new rich (wine?
Not the full Barnes of fat *Sardinia*,
Nor the great herds of hot *Calabria*?
No gold, no Ivory, nor thoſe Regions where
The ſilent *Lyris* ſoftly goes and clear,
They to whom Fortune hath given vines may put
Grapes to the preſſe, with *Calene* ſicklet cut.
The Merchant rich may drinke his wine bowles dry,
Which he for *Syrian* wares doth oft ſupply.
Since without loſſe he cuts th' *Atlantick* Seas
With oft returnes, and thus the gods do pleaſe;
Grant me *Apollo*, I may have, being ſound,
Fat Olives, Succory, and for bodies bound,
Soft purging Mallowes, whereof I may feed,
Prepared alwayes to ſupply my need.
So with pure heart, I wiſh my Harp t'enjoy,
And that crook'd age may not my life anoy.

Ode XXXII.

To his Harpe.

He doth intreat her to be preſent with him, and that ſhee would not leave to be merry when he ſingeth.

Poſcimus ſi quid vacui ſub umbra Luſimus tecum.

OHarpe, what verſes we in private have
Made ſport with at our leiſure, theſe I crave

May

May on record in Latine verſe be cited,
Which firſt *Alcæus* in the Greek indited.
Whether in war-like Armes, or to the Coaſt
His ſhips faſt tied, which long on Seas were toſt.
Who *Bacchus*, *Venus*, and the Muſes nine,
With cloſe ſet *Cupid* in one ſong did joyn;
And * *Lycus* comely, with black locks and eyes,
With merry notes he chanted to the skies.
O Harpe, which art *Apollos* known delight,
And *Joves*, when as the gods he doth invite
To his great Banquets; ſo the ſweeteſt eaſe
Of my great toiles, when thee to call I pleaſe.

* *Nigris oculis nigroque crine deorum.*

Ode XXXIII.

To Albius Tibullus.

That he ſhould not grieve over-much, that *Glycera* ſhould unworthily prefer his Corrival before him.

Albi ne doleas plus nimio.

Albius; too much grief thou doſt not take,
That *Glycera* ſhould falſely thee forſake;
Nor ſing ſad verſes, ſpying one more young,
With broken oath preferred to thy wrong,
How *Cyrus* love, *Lycoris* ſweet did touch,
When he on *Pholoë* harſh did dote as much.
Yea, ſooner ſhall milde Lambs with fierce Wolves joyn,
Then *Pholoë* to adulterate love incline.
But unfit matches, made in cruell jeſt,
Under a Brazen yoke pleaſe *Venus* beſt.
So when a nobler love ſought me to gaine,
Myrtale held me with a pleaſing chaine;
Who louder then the *Adrian* Sea doth rore,
Which runs along the whole *Calabrian* ſhore.

ODE

Ode XXXIV.

To himself.

Repenting that he had followed the Sect of *Epicurus* so long, without any respect of the Gods.

Parcus Deorum cultor & infrequens.

I To the gods did seldome worship give,
Whilst I a willing Epicure did live;
Now I am forc'd my full sailes back to turne,
And tread those paths that I have long forborne.
For *Jupiter* with lightning doth divide (slide)
The thickest clouds (and down from heaven doth
Through the pure aire his Chariot swift doth force,
And for the most part with a thundering horse:
Where with the firme earth and the rivers great,
Styx, hatefull *Tænarus* the horrid seat,
And both the ends of *Atlas* he doth shake, (make.
Who high things low, and low things high doth
He doth the mighty of the earth pull down,
The simple peasants he doth often crown,
With mournfull noise, swift fortune joyes to chace,
Great Kings from Thrones, down to the lowest place.

Ode XXXV.

To Fortune.

He doth intreat her, that he would defend and keep *Cæsar*, warring against the *Brittaines*.

O Divi gratum quæ regis Antium.

THou goddesse which in *Antium* dost reigne,
Who with thy present power canst raise againe
The meanest mortals, from the lowest place;
And thriumphs proud with suddaine death deface;

Poor

Poor husband-men, that earn their bread by ſweat,
With troubled Oriſons do thee intreat:
He Queen of Seas thee cals, who ſo doth floate,
On *Corpath* maine, in a *Bythinian* boate.
The *Dacians* rough, the *Scytheans* that flie
Both Cities, Nations, and fierce *Italy*,
Mothers of Savage Kings, and Tyrants clad
In ſhining purple: at thy frownes are ſad.
With angry foot, Oh doe not lay along
That ſtately (*a*) Column: which hath ſeem'd ſo ſtrong,
Leſt that the people that did war frequent,
Should by diſturbing peace, break government.
Firſt, cruell need doth marſhall out the band,
With ſharp'ned ſtakes, and wedges in her hand:
Nor the ſeverer (*b*) *Uncus* wanting is,
Nor liquid lead at any time doth miſſe.
The pureſt Faith and Hope clad all in white,
Do worſhip give: thy company delight,
Though chang'd in habite, and an enemie,
From mighty houſes thou doſt often flie.
But the falſe vulgar, perjur'd whores back ſlide,
When they perceive with draggs the veſſals dride:
Deceitfull friends, when all is ſpent and gone,
They leave their fellows to the yoak alone:
O Goddeſſe, keep thou *Cæſar* who is preſt
For *Britiſh* world, the furtheſt part of Weſt.
And let their troups of young-men feared be
To Eaſterne parts, and to the redder (*c*) Sea.
Alas, it ſhames us of the wounds and ill,
When we our native brothers bloud did ſpill.
What hath not our vilde age now ſet upon?
Nay, what foul crimes by us is left undone?
With fear of th' gods, hath our youth ought refrain'd:
What Altars ſpar'd, and not prophanely ſtain'd?

(*a*) *Cæſar*. (*b*) Severall kinds of puniſhments amongſt the *Romans*. (*c*) *Britiſh* red, becauſe of the Sun ſetting.

We wiſh thou wouldſt upon an Anvile new,
The ſword made blunt with *Romans* wounds renew,
Leaving thy evill wars, and ſlaughters vilde
To light on *Sythians*, and *Arabians* wild.

Ode XXXVI.

To *Pomponius Numida.*

For whoſe returne out of *Spaine*, he doth much rejoyce.

Et thure & fidibus juvat.

With Incence, Muſick, Sacrifice I'le pleaſe
Caſtor and *Pollox*, the gods of the Seas.
Becauſe to us they have brought ſafe againe
Numida, from the furtheſt coaſt of *Spaine*.
Who kiſſes to his friends do freely give,
Moſt to ſweet *Lamia*, with whom he did live,
Being not unmindfull, how together they
Their child-hood ſpent, and one Lord did obey.
Let not that day therefore a white marke want,
Nor let the meaſure of our cups be ſcant;
Nor let there any reſt be to thrir feet,
But in true *Salian* dances let them meet.
Let not carouling *Dam'lis* enterprize,
To drinke down *Baſſus*, with bowles of large ſize.
Let Roſes ſtore, green Parſley, with the flower
Of Lillies white, which time doth ſoon devour,
Be at our Banquets: let all eies be throwne
On *Damalis*, as wanton as her own.
Nor her true love, let *Damalis* e're leave
But to him cloſer then the Ivie cleave.

Ode.

Ode XXXVII.

To his Companions.

He doth exhort them to cheere up their *Genius*, for the *Actian* victory.

Nunc eſt bibendum nunc pede libero pluſſanda telus.

NOw is the time to drinke and dance,
And at the *Saliar* feaſts for to advance
The Gods rich Temples, for 'twas ſin before,
To draw *Campanian* wine long kept in ſtore.
Whilſt the mad Queen with her ſaſt-guard did dare,
Sad ruine for the Empire to prepare.
Who being drunk with fortunes good ſucceſſe,
Into all dangers did moſt boldly preſſe.
But *Cæſar* ſoon her fury did allay,
For ſcarce on Ship eſcap'd unfir'd away.
She being ſwolne with *Egypti* wealth and pride,
In her high thoughts the Empire did divide.
But flying faſt, *Cæſar* did her purſue,
And with true fears her dangers did renew.
Like as o Falcon, fearfull Doves doth chaſe,
Or as the Huntſman the Hare ſwift of pace.
He ſought this Monſter ſurely for to chaine,
But ſhee to periſh thus, full of diſdaine.
Not woman-like, from the ſwords point did flie,
Or with ſwift Navy, in ſafe Port to lie;
But her left *Pallace*, ſhee to ſee was bold,
Where ſmiling, ſhee two Vipers faſt did hold
Cloſe to her breſt, whoſe poiſons thence might ma..
Way to her hurt, this death ſhee choſe to take.
Envying that herſelf, ſo great a Queen,
In his proud triumphs, ſhould ſo low be ſeen.

Nullis ſubjecta Triumphis.

Ode XXXVIII.

To his Servant.

That he would have him provide no other outward ornament for his feast but Mirtle.

Perſicos odi puer apparatus.

WHen I was young, I loath'd the *Perſian* State,
Their flowry Crowns diſpleas'd me, now where
Freſh Roſes grow my Boy, ne're ſtrive to find, (late
But alwayes bear the Myrtle in thy mind;
For the ſweet Myrtle beſt content doth bring,
When under the cloſe Vine we drinke and ſing.

Lib. II.

Ode I.

To Cajus Aſinius Pollio.

He doth admoniſh *Pollio*, that he would a little intermit the writing of Tragedies, untill the Common-wealth be a while ſetled: and then he commends his writings.

To Sir Thomas Glemham.

Motum ex Metello Conſule civicum.

OF Civil wars, the cauſes, manners, crimes,
Thou *Pollio* draweſt from *Metellus* times;
The ſport of fortune, Princes enmities,
And weapons which in gore bloud colour'd lies
Unhallowed yet, a danger full of woe,
On burning coales, though hidden thou do'ſt go:
A little let thy ſecure Muſe give way,
Nor let her on the tragick Theater ſtay:

Whilſt

Whilſt of thy Countries ſtory thou doſt treat,
Then in *Cecropian* buskins do repeat,
With lofty ſtile, a refuge by report
To men condemn'd, by councell to the Court:
To whom the Laurel laſting honours bring,
Which were brought forth on * *Salon* triumphing.
And now with threatning murmour of horns ſound,
Thou ſtrik'ſt our ears, the Cornets Eccho round;
Shining of Armes doth daunt the ſwifter horſe,
The riders viſage doth abate their force.
Me thinkes I ſeeme great Captaines for to hear,
As glorious in their duſt they tumbling were:
And all the world ſubdu'd by *Cæſars* hand,
Except great *Cato*, whom none could command:
Juno, and whoſoever elſe did love
The *Affricans*, made weake, they did remove,
From that place un-reveng'd; the *Romanes* now
To *Jugurthes* Ghoſt have ſacrific'd enough.
What field is that which *Romane* ſepulture
And bloud made fat, there cannot tell moſt ſure;
Th' *Heſperian* ruine, and our hatefull war,
Sounding to *Medes* and other Nations far?
What ſwelling ſtreams? what flouds that do but flow,
Which do not of our mournfull battailes know?
What ſeas are not with *Daunian* ſlaughters red?
Or what coaſt is not with our bloud o're ſpread?
Now leſt my wanton Muſe thou mirth forſake,
And unto *Cæas* ſad ſongs againe take;
Tune ſweeter ſtraines with me in ‖ *Diens* den,
And one thy Harpe ſtrike with a lighter pen.

---

* *Lepores faceret Leones.* ‖ *Venus.*

Ode II.

To *C. Chriſpius Saluſtius.*

He doth commend *Proculeius* for his bounty to his brothers, and that the contempt of money doth make a man a King, and only happy.

To Si. Robert Coke.

Nullus argento Color eſt avaris.

TO ſilver plate, which miſers enviouſly
O *Chriſpius Saluſt*, do make hid to lie
Within the earth, no colour doth appear,
Nor without moderate uſe, can long ſhine clear.
With long life bleſt, be *Proculeius* kind,
Known to his brothers, with a fathers mind;
Let laſting fame, with wing that cannot die,
Unto all times preſerve his memory.
With bridling ill deſires, thou ſhalt more gaine,
Then if thou ſhould'ſt joyn *Lybia* with *Spaine*;
Or that both *Carthages* to thee ſhould yeild,
The cruell Dropſie favour'd, is more fil'd:
Now drives out thirſt, except that from the veines
And body white the watry humour draines,
Vertue with th' vulgar ne're agrees in one,
Who thinks *Fhraates* in great *Cyrus* throne
To be moſt happy, but the contrary,
To the falſe Peoples voice doth it deny:
She, Diadems, Kingdomes, Laurels ſafe doth give
Unto that man that continent doth live,
With unturn'd eye, that careleſſe doth behold,
The mighty heape of ſilver and of gold.

ODE.

Ode III.

To Delius.

That either fortune is to be borne moderately, when as the condition of death is equall to all alike.

To Sir Drue Drury.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis.

REmember *Delius*, ſince that thou muſt die,
To keep a mind well temper'd, and to flie,
As well in thy felicity as woe,
The great extreames, in this way thou muſt goe.

Whether that all thy life thou doſt live ſad,
Or in thy floury fields thy ſelf made glad;
Through out thy life, where thou doſt ſup and dine,
And lying dowp thou drink'ſt *Falernian* wine.

Where the tall Pines, white Poplers love to meet,
And with cloſe boughes they willingly doth greet;
And the ſwift water labours with ſweet ſound,
And windes about thee with a river round.

Bring hither wines, ointments and fragrant flowers
Of ſweeter Roſes, which time ſoon devours:
Whilſt riches, age, and the third Siſters knife,
Doth ſpare to cut the black thrids of our life.

Thou muſt depart from thy bought houſe, thy lands,
Thy village plac'd near yellow *Tibers* ſands,
And for thy riches, heaped up with care,
To be enjoy'd by thy unthankfull heire.

Though rich thou com'ſt from *Inachus* old race,
It nought availes, or borne in meaner place,
Or houſleſſe art, an offering thou muſt be
To *Pluto*, who will never pitty thee.

Later or ſooner thether we muſt turne,
And all muſt come in compaſſe of that Urne,
Our laſt lot is eternall baniſhment,
And into *Charons* boat we ſhall be ſent.

Ode IV.

To Xanthias Phocius.

There is no reaſon why *Xanthias* ſhould be aſhamed for loving his maid *Phillis*, ſeeing it is a thing in faſhion with many greater men.

Ne ſit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

BE it no ſhame to thee thy maide to love,
Xanthias, when that *Briſis* firſt did move
The proud *Achillis* with her colour faire:
And made him ſtoope, though ſhe a ſervant were.

The captive beauty of *Temeſſa* bright,
Telemons ſon ſtout *Aiax* did delight,
And *Agamemnon* in his triumphs great,
From the ſtolne * Virgin did receive a heat.

But after that the barbarous toops were ſlaine
By *Perrhus* hand, and *Hector* away tane
To wearied *Greeks*, he left *Troy* ſtately wal'd,
But far more eaſier by them to be ſcal'd.

Thou know'it not if faire *Phillis* parents bee
Of Noble race, and ſo may honour thee,
Her Princely ſtock may ſurely make her grieve,
That her owne gods can no way her relieve.

Believe that ſhee was not for thee tane out,
From the baſe iſſue of the common-rout:
Nor one ſo faithfull, and that lucre ſcorne,
Can ever be of a ſhamed mother borne.

Her armes, her viſage, and her legs ſo round,
I may well praiſe that am both chaſt and ſound;

* *Caſſandra.*

Ne're

Ne're think that he thy *Phillis* can befriend,
Whose age makes haſt his fortieth year to end.

Ode V.

To Lalage.

That the moſt beautifull Virgin *Lalage*, being not fit for a husband, ſhould recall her mind from the deſire thereof.

Nondum ſubacto ferre jugam valet.

TO bear the yoke thy neck is not yet fit,
And for to wive it thou wants ſtrengrh and wit.
Within green Meadows, thou ſhouldſt pleaſure take,
And in coole flouds thy burning thirſt to ſlake.
With tender Virgins in moiſt Sallow groves,
Do thou contend to ore'come with chaſt loves.
Deſire not than the unripe grapes to preſſe,
Till that with purple Autumne doth them dreſſe.
Though cruel time doth ſwiftly fly away
To follow thee, 'twill make no long delay.
And for thoſe years, which he from thee did ſeeme
To ſnatch away, thou ſhalt again redeeme;
For lovely *Lalage* with a merry view
Will give at laſt a lover his full due.
Whoſe ſhoulders will more beautifull appear
Then when on Seas, the Moon by night ſhines clear.
Nor ſo much can falſe *Pholoë Cloris* coy,
Nor *Gnidian Giges* that ſweet ſmiling boy,
Whom if amongſt freſh Virgins thou ſhouldſt place,
He might deceive all ſtrangers with his face:
For with his doubtfull aſpect, and long hair,
It's hard to judge him Male or Female fair.

ODE

ODE VI.

To Septimius.

He doth desire that *Fibur* and *Farentum* may be the seates of his old age, whose sweetnesse he much commendeth.

To Sir Arthur Hopton.

Septimi Gaudes aditure mecum.

SEptimius, to *Cales* with me thou would'st go,
Where proud *Iberians* our yoak do not know,
Where *Mauritanian* waters alwayes drown'd
The (a) Syrts, which are inhospitable ground:

That *Tibur* first a Grecian Colonie
I wish to my old age a seat may be,
And to me wearied both by sea and land,
And to my (b) warfar it an end may stand.

From whence if th'unjust Sisters me forbid,
To sweet (c) *Gales* where the sheeps fleece is hid,
In other skins I'le go, and to that field,
Where exil'd *Phalanth* did a Citie build.

That corner of the world above the rest
Except sweet *Tibur*, it doth please me best,
Where honey to (d) *Hymettus* gives no place,
And Olives with (e) *Venafrian* strives for grace.

Where *Jupiter* long Springs and Winters warme
Will give to us: Where (f) *Auson* without harme
For fertil *Bacchus*, justly may compare,
With all the wines that in *Falernus* are.

That place those blest hills, thee, with me require,
Where thou my ashes still warm in the fire
Maist sprinkle, with a tear to friendship due,
And so unto thy *Horace* bid adieu.

(a) Quick sands. (b) *Tribunus fuit Militum.* (c) A river in *Calabria* near to *Tarentum* in *Italie.* (d) A Mountain abounding with honey. (e) *Venafrum* a Citie with Olives. (f) A Mountain near *Tarentum* abounding with Vines and Olive-trees.

ODE

Ode VII.

To Pompejus Varus.

For whoſe return into his Countrey he much rejoyceth.

To John Walgrave, *Eſq.*

O Sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum.

OF my companions *Pompey* thou art beſt,
How oft with me wert thou to dangers preſt
In *Brutus* warfar? who brought thee againe,
With thy own Gods and Countrey to remaine?
With whom long dayes with wine I have conſum'd,
And with ſweet *Syrian* balme my locks perfum'd,
At the *Philippi* I with thee have found,
With ſhametull flight the Shields left on the ground.
Then with loſt courage menacing in vaine,
Hovv they the fields with ſtreams of bloud did ſtaine.
But nimble *Hermes*, me from all my foes
In a thick cloud being fearfull did incloſe.
VVhilſt back again, the head-long Tide did force
Thee to new broiles with his impetuous courſe.
Therefore to *Jove* thy promiſ'd Off'rings give,
And t'yr'd with VVars now ſafely with me live.
Nor ſhalt thou ſpare thoſe *Veſſels*, which for thee
Prepared were, but with a hand more free
Fill poliſh'd Cups, with *Maſſick* wine vvhoſe taſt
Drives care avvay, then Ointments pour vvith haſt
From larger ſhells, vvith ſpeed vvho'll undertake,
Of Myrtle, or moiſt Parſley, Crovvns to make?
VVhat judge for qnaffing vvill the dice novv name;
For to the *Thracian* guize my ſelf I'le frame.
Hovv am I pleaſ'd my loſt friend, having found,
To drink like *Bacchus*, Maſter of the round.

ODE

ODE VIII.

To Julia Barine.

A perjured ſharking Curtizan, who appears more beautifull by her perjuries.

Ulla ſi juris tibi pejurati.

IF any puniſhment had come to thee
O thou *Barine*, for thy perjurie,
Which had thee hurt, or that thy tooth black were,
Or if thou wert made fowler by a hair.

I could believe, as ſoon as thou hadſt bound
Thy periur'd head, with oaths that were profound,
Thou didſt appear to all more bright of hue,
And to young Gallants an entiſing view.

It's good for thee to wrong thy Mothers Ghoſt,
And through the heavens by night the ſilent hoſt,
And all the Gods of cold death wanting fear,
If that by this more fair thou may'ſt appear.

Venus at this and all her Nymphs, I ſay,
Inclin'd to mirth, at this make ſport and play,
And cruell *Cupid*, burning arrows whets,
VVith ſuch a whetſtone as in bloud he wets.

Beſides, all young men freſhly come to thee,
And ſervants new, deſire with thee to be:
Nor will old lovers leave their Miſtreſſe Cell,
Though oft they threat, yet ſtill with thee they dwell.

Thee, for their ſons, all Mothers fear and hate,
And fathers doubt, thou ſhouldſt them ruinate:
New brides are jealous leaſt thy beautie bright
Should ſtay their husbands or bereave them quit.

ODE

Ode IX.

To Valgius.

That he would at laſt leave from lamenting the death of his boy *Miſtis*.

Non ſemper imbres nubibus hiſpidis

NOt alwayes the rough ground
With winters ſhowrs lies dround,
Nor tempeſt great from heaven,
Makes *Caſpian* Seas uneven:

Nor doth the Northerne wind,
My *Valgius* moſt kind,
Break *Garganus* oakes tall,
Nor leaves from *Aſbes* fall.

Thou alwayes doſt complaine
Of *Miſtis* from the tane,
Nor from the Morne to Night
His love doth leave thee quit.

For lov'd *Antilochus*,
Old *Neſtor* nere mourn'd thus:
Nor yet for *Troilus* young,
His ſiſters mourn'd ſo long.

Now leave of womens cries,
Sing *Cæſars* Victories,
Nipbates, *Medias* floud
From conquer'd Kings made good.

To run with leſſer tide,
And *Thracians* for to ride
Within a ſmaller bound,
And no where elſe be found.

ODE

Ode X.

To Lycinius.

Of Mediocritie in either fortune.

To Sir Robert Bacon.

Rectius vives Licini neque altum.

THou best *Lycinius* liv'st, if not too deep
Thou lanchest out: or fearing storms dost keep
Too near the shoar, where rocks and shelves abound,
Least unawars thou strikst upon the ground:

VVho so doth love to keep the golden mean,
And safe would live, poor Cottages unclean
Let him decline, and soberly to flie
From Princes Courts, and envied Majestie.

The loftie Pine with winds is often torn,
And stately Towres with heaviour fall, are born
Down to the ground, and Mountains that be hie,
Are blasted with *Joves* lightning from the skie.

As well in wants, as in his prosperous state,
Let his arm'd breast expect another fate,
VVhether to us great *Jupiter* will send
Troublesome winters, or soon will them end.

Nor are things now, as formerly so ill;
But he will strik his harp that's sometimes still;
Nor alwayes doth *Apollo* bend his bow,
But sometimes looketh with a merry brow.

In danger great then shew a valiant mind,
And still the same, when with too prosperous wind
The sails do swell, then draw then close to thee,
And thus thou maist passe safe through every Sea.

ODE

ODE XI.

To HIRPINUS.

That all cares being laid aſide to live merely.

To John Rous, Eſq.

Quid bellicoſus Cantaber & Scythes.

WHat warlike *Spaniards* and fierce *Scythians* plot
Divided with rough *Adria*, thou ſeek'ſt not,
Hirpinus; nor for th'uſe of life tak'ſt care,
With few things we by nature pleaſed are.
Smooth youth and beautie, backward ſoon do flie,
Laſcivious loves, ſoft ſleeps, with age do die;
Not alwayes the ſpring flowers have the ſame grace,
Nor the bright Moon ſhines ever with one face:
Why doſt thou with eternal Counſels wear
Thy weaker mind, not able them to bear?
Why ſhould not we under the Platane hie?
Or ſtately Pine, now here now there to lie;
Our hair with white and Roſes red to link,
Perfum'd with Spicknard, whilſt time ſerves to drink?
Bacchus our eating cares doth drive away,
What ready boy ſhall preſently allay,
With water clear which from pure fountains paſſe?
Rich *Falerne* wiue, burning within our glaſſe,
With Iuorie harp my good boy *Lydia* tell,
That ſhe make haſt out of her private Cell,
With locke comb'd out, and in a knot did round,
And after the *Laconian* faſhion bound.

ODE XII.

To Mæcenas.

That grave affaires and Tragick verſes do not agree with a *Lyrick Poet*, but rather love toies.

Nobis longa feræ bella Numantiæ.

CRuel *Numantian* long wars for to write,
Feard-*Hanibal*, or *Sicelies* Sea fight Made

Made purple with the *Carthaginian* bloud,
To fit to the harpes ſound, thou thinkſt not good:
Fierce *Lapithæ*, nor *Hylæus* made drunk,
Who by the hand of *Hercules* were ſunk,
Earths, ſons of whom old *Saturn* ſtood in fear,
And the whole powers of heaven much troubled were:
Better thou may'ſt the Hiſtories compoſe
Of *Cæſars* battails if thou write in proſe;
Mecenas and the necks of threatning Kings
Led through the ſtreets, whereby his triumph rings.
Lycinias ſweet ſongs my Muſe loves t'indite,
And bids me ſpeak of her eyes ſhining bright.
And of her faithful breaſt for to approve,
Which is well joyn'd to thee in mutuall love,
For whom to daunce and jeaſt 'twas no diſgrace;
And ſporting with fair Virgins to imbrace,
With changing arms, upon a holy Eave,
Which unto chaſt *Diana* they did give.
Now wilt thou change for *Achæmanes* gold,
Or for the wealth rich *Phrigia* doth hold;
The golden treſſes of *Lycinia*?
Or for fild houſes of *Arabia*?
Whilſt ſhee to ſweeteſt kiſſes bends her neck,
Or ſtraight with gentle crueltie doth check,
Which ſhe more joyes when gotten on the catch,
Then he that ſeeks, or ſhe them ſoon will ſnatch.

O aſtum Mulierem.

ODE

Ode XIII.

Upon a Tree, by whose ſuddain fall he was almoſt ſlain.

Shewing, that no man can be ſufficiently forwarned, what dangers he ſhould avoid; then he ſpeakes of the praiſes of *Sappho* and *Alcæus*.

To Sir William Spring.

Ille & nefaſto te poſuit die.

AT an ill time with ſacrilegious hand,
O Tree, that firſt waſt planted on my land;
It was to root out both my ſtock and name,
And brand the Vilage with perpetuall ſhame.
I do believe, that he his father kill'd,
Or with Gueſts bloud by night his houſe hath fill'd.
He doubtleſſe practiſ'd *Colchick* poyſonigs,
Nor was unskilfull in the worſt of ſins,
Who plac'd thee in my ground to grow ſo tall,
That thou upon my guiltleſſe head might'it fall.
So ther's not any can ſo wary be,
That may at all times ſhun ſad Deſtanie.
The Mariner at the *Bosphorus* doth ſhake,
Thinking, that he none other end ſhall make.
The *Parthian* arrows do the *Romanes* fright,
When they on horſe-back, flying beſt do fight.
The *Parthians* fear the *Romane* yoakes and powers,
But needleſſe Death whole Nations ſoon devoures.
I little wanted *Æacus* to have ſeene,
And the Dominions of black *Proſerpine*;
With ſeverall ſeats of the departed Saints,
Where *Sappho* of her fellowes makes complaints.
And thou *Alcæus* with a fuller ſound
To thy gold Harpe moſt ſing of every wound
By Sea, or Land, which happen'd or by flight,
Worthy of ſacred ſilence didſt recite.
At which the vulgar Ghoſts with thirſty ear
And preſſing ſhoulders throng'd the newes to hear

Of thy great fights and Gyants late expel'd,
Which for the Countrey freedom thou haſt quel'd.
And 'twas no wonder that the hundred head,
Charm'd with thy verſes, ſtood as one half dead.
And the dire Furies on each hair a Snake,
Did at thy Muſick eaſe and comfort take.
Alſo *Prometheus* to a Rock faſt bound,
Felt not the Vulture for thy Harpes ſweet ſound.
Nor *Tantalus* of hunger e're complain'd, (ſtrain'd,
Whilſt the Harp-ſtrings with thy ſweet touch was
Neither *Orion*, whilſt thou wert in place,
Lions or fearfull, *Lynces* car'd to chace.

ODE XIIII.

To Poſthumus.

That life is ſhort, and die we muſt of neceſſitie.

To Sir Arthur Jenney.

Eheu fugaces poſthume.

AH *Poſthume! Poſthume* ſwift years flie away,
Nor can thy zeal wrinckles and old age ſtay,
Much leſſe bring back, nor canſt thou death appeaſe,
Nor with three hundred heifers thou ſhalt pleaſe,
Though daily offerd unto *Pluto* grim,
Great *Gerion*, *Tytius* in *Styx*-river ſwim:
VVho ſo doth now enjoy the fruits of earth,
VVhether they Kings or Peaſants be by birth,
They muſt ſaile through, what boots it if we flie
From bloudy *Mars*, if over-whelm'd we lie,
Bring toſſ'd along on ſwelling *Adrias* ſhoare,
VVhere broken ſeas with hideous noiſe do roare.
In vain the hurtfull South-wind we do ſhun,
Or with moiſt *Autumne* fear to be undone;
VVhen black *Cocytus* wandring with ſlow flood
Is to be ſeen, and * *Danäus* defam'd brood.

* Whoſe 50. daughters murthered their husbands in one night.

An

And *Syſiphus* from labour never gone,
VVho is condemn'd up hill to rowle a ſtone.
Thou muſt leave houſe, and lands, thy pleaſant wife,
Nor of thoſe broad ſpread-trees that in thy life
Thou didſt enjoy, ſhall any then attend,
Except the hateſull *Cypreſſe* thy ſhort end.
Thy worthier heir ſhall thy rich wines ſoon waſt,
VVhich with a hundred keyes were locked faſt:
And thy proud pavements he ſhall waſh in wine,
Better then that with which Arch-pontiffs dine.

ODE XV.

The riot of this age.

To Sir William Playters.

Jam pauca aratro jugere regiæ.

NOw a few acres are left to the plough,
For Princely buildings all are not enough,
VVhen ponds are ſeen more large than *Lucrines* Lake,
More room than Olives fruitfull Plane-trees take,
Than Violets, Myrtle and all odours ſweet,
VVith fertile Olives their firſt Maiſters greet.
And the thick Laurel with boughs ſpread about
On every ſide, the Sun beams did keep out:
No unſhorn *Catos*, *Romulus* intent,
No ſuch rule given by ancient government,
To private men, their treaſures were but ſmall,
But to the common-good they did look all.
No private porch oppoſ'd to the dark North
Above ten foot did ever extend forth,
Their laws near ſuffer'd the chanc'd turfe to ſcorne,
But Towns and Temples of the Gods forlorne:
They did command with new ſtones up to reare,
And beautifie ſuch as decaied were.

ODE XVI.

To Grosphus.

All men desire peace and tranquilitie of mind, which are neither gained with riches, nor honours, but with bridling the vild affections.

To Sir William Paston.

Ocium Divos rogat in patenti.

HE that once taken in th' *Egæan* Seas,
Doth presently implore the Gods for ease,
As soon as the dark clouds the Moon obscure
Nor to the Sea-men the stars do shine sure;

The furious *Thracians* that in wars delight,
The *Medes* that bear in quivers arrows bright,
Seek (*Grosphus*) peace, which is not bought nor sold,
With sparkling Gems, with Purple, or with Gold.

No Princely treasures, Consularie state,
Can griefes remove, nor yet extenuate
Deep cares of mind, which in roofes arched hie,
Of mightie men through every side doth flie.

He with a little, and he well doth live,
Whose fathers Salt doth to his table give
Lustre enough; no fear, nor no base love,
His quiet sleeps from him shall e're remove.

Why should we much desire in our short time?
Why warm'd with others Sune to seek a clime?
Who can forget his Countrie in exile,
Or from himself banish affections vile?

Sad care doth clime up into ships of brasse,
Nor doth the warlike troops of horse-men passe,
More swift care flies, then doth the nimble Hind,
Or that which chaceth clouds the Esterne wind.

Miseros fallentia Nautas Sidera non sequimur.

In

In preſent goods the mind takes moſt delight,
And hopes of future, fortunus baniſh quit,
All bitter haps it tempers with ſweet mirth,
In all things nothing's bleſſed upon earth.
Renown'd *Achillis* ſwift death took away,
Pure age, *Titbonus* life did much decay:
It may ſo chaunce that Time may give to me,
Of whatſoever he denied thee.

Sicilian flocks, fat kine, the neighing horſe,
For chariots fit, which is of mightie force
About thee come, cloths dipt in double die
Of *Tyrian* purple round about thee lie.

The unchang'd Fate ſmall fields to me hath lent,
And of Greeke ſongs a ſlender ſpirit ſent,
With high diſdaine to ſcorne the vulgar rude,
And ſet at naught the giddie multitude.

O vatum ſublimes animas.

Ode XVII.

To Mæcenas, being ſick.

That if he ſhould die firſt, he denieth to live after him.

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis.

WHy by thy ſore complaints doſt cut my hart?
Harſh to the Gods and me thee to depart
Before my ſelf, my grand ſupport and grace,
Whom after, life in me can hold no place.
Ah! my ſouls, part, if death takes thee away,
What comfort have I here behind to ſtay.
For to my ſelf I cannot whole remaine,
But one day of us both ſhall end the paine.
Nor like the perjur'd Souldier thee will leave
In life or death, but faſt unto thee cleave.
Nor ſhall the *Chymæres* fiery breath me make,
Or hundred-handed *Gyas* thee forſake,

So powerfull Juſtice and the Fates decree,
Though mild or baneſull the ſtars look on me.
As *Scorpio*, *Libra*, and dire *Capricorne*,
Cruell to ſuch as are *Italians* born.
Its wondrous, how the Planets do conſpire,
That from our births we ſhould one thing deſire.
For *Jupiter* with bright beams doth reflect
Againſt Malignant, *Saturns* fierce Aſpect,
For thy defence, and took thee ſafe away,
And Fates ſwift wings for love of thee did ſtay,
So that the thick throng'd peoples treble ſound,
Throughout the *Theatre* with joys rebound,
And that unlucky Tree had mauld my braine,
But that good *Faunus* hands did it ſuſtaine.
Defender of the learn'd *Mercuriall* Sect,
Think on the promiſ'd Temple to erect.
And offrings make whoſe flams aloft may riſe,
But on the ground a Lambe I'le ſacrifice.

Ode XVIII.

The Poet ſaith, that he is contented with ſmall fortune, when others ſtudie for riches, and delights, as if they ſhould live alwayes.

To the memorie of my deceaſed Kinſman

Sir Owen Smith.

Non aureum nec ebur renidet.

NO Gold, nor Ivorie white
Within my noſe ſhine bright,
Nor beams of marble lie
With me on Columnes hie.
Cut out off *Affricks* bound:
Can here with me be found.
Like *Attalus* known heir,
I have no Pallaice fair:

Nor

Nor *Clients* wives to twine
For me the Purple fine.
But truth, and a kind vain
Of wit, I do contain:
The rich desires me poor,
O' th'Gods I crave no more:
And from my mightie friend
His love my greatest end.
More then sufficient blest
With *Sabine* fields I rest.
The day doth thrust out day
New Moons hast to decay:
Thou Marble-stones dost place,
Till deaths strok stops thy case,
Unmindfull of thy grave
Thou buildest houses brave,
To *Bajas* raging shore
Urging with work-men store,
Not rich enough with land
I'th' sea thy houses stand,
Removing neighbours Bounds
Usurp'st thy clients grounds;
The wife and husband poor,
By thee thrust out of door,
And in their bosom borne
With children, Gods forlorne.
And yet no surer end
The rich man doth attend,
Then is the greedy grave,
That's destin'd all to have.
What canst thou further hope?
" The equall earth doth ope
" To poor and sons of Kings,
And all to her she brings:
Nor wise *Prometheus*
Hells Sergeant sends to us,

Though tempted with much gold,
But him ſtill faſt doth hold.
Proud *Tantalus* and his line
He doth them cloſe confine:
But ſets at libertie
The poor from labours free,
Call'd or not call'd doth heare,
And preſently appeare.

ODE XIX.

Upon Bacchus.

The Poet being poſſeſſed with *Bacchus*, ſinging his praiſes.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (credite poſteri.)

YOu following Ages credit give to me
In ſecret woods, that I did *Bacchus* ſee,
Teaching ſweet verſes, with whom ſoon appears
Goat-footed Satyres with their liſtning ears.
And the Numphs learning *Evæ* I did call,
At which my courage ſuddainly did fall.
But full poſſeſt with troubled joy than I,
O *Liber* ſpare me, *Evæ* loud did crie,
Who dreadfull ſeemeſt with thy vine bound ſpeare,
Which thou with terrour in thy hand doſt beare,
It's lawfull for thy wandring Prieſts to ſing
Of Wine, Milke, Honey which from trees did ſpring?
Is't lawfull of thy Spouſes praiſe to tell,
Who a ſtar fixed in the heavens doth dwell?
Of *Penthens* houſes razed to the ground,
What vengeance great, *Lycurgus* did confound.
Thou turneſt rivers, and the raging Maine
At thy command is quickly ſtil'd again.
Thou moiſt with wine without harm up didſt fold
The ſnakie locks, in thy hands them hold.

So

So when the hoaſt of Gyants did up riſe,
By force thy fathers Kingdome to ſurprize:
Then Lion-like upon them thou didſt flie,
Making them headleſſe on the ground to lie.
And though for dances, ſports and pleaſant wit
Thou art thought beſt, and for the wars leaſt fit,
Yet both in peace and war thou art the ſame,
And by thy equall carriage haſt gain'd fame.
Thee, harmleſſe *Cerberus*, view'd with golden Crown
So comely, that his fauning taile hung down,
With three-tong'd mouth, touching thy feet & thighs
When thou from Hell up into heaven didſt riſe.

Ode XX.

To Mæcenas.

To Maurice Barrow, *Eſquire.*

Horace transformed into a Swan, will flie round about the world, from whence he doth promiſe to himſelf immortality of his poeſie.

Non uſitata aut tenui ferar penna.

NOr with an uſuall wing I now do flie,
A double ſhaped Poet through the skie:
Nor longer on the earth to ſtay will care,
Greater then envie I'le leave Cities faire.
Nor borne of poorer parents ſhall be prov'd,
Whom thou * *Mæcenas* haſt call'd thy belov'd;
Nor will I ſuffer death to me come near,
Nor for to ſwim in *Stigian* lake will fear.
Now, now rough skins do cleave unto my thighes,
But upward to a white Birds ſhape I riſe:
And on my armes and ſhoulders there do grow,
Light plumes of feathers, whiter then the ſnow;
And ſwifter then *Dædalian Icarus*,
I'le ſee the ſhores of ſounding *Boſphorus*,

* *Dilecti Horati.*

A ſinging Swan, to *Libian* Syrts will flie
And to thoſe fields, which to the North do lie,
Me ſhall the *Colchian*, and the *Dacian* here,
Which do diſſemble *Martian* troops to fear,
The furtheſt *Scyths*, th' *Iberians* in wars skill,
And they which with the *Rhodanus* are field;
Now to my funerals, farewel all ſongs vaine:
Refraine vile mournings, and ceaſe to complaine:
Nor to my Tombe ſuperfluous honours give,
Since in this forme, I ſhall for ever live.

LIB. III.

ODE I.

That life is not moſt happy with riches or honours, but with peace of minde.

To Sir Gilbert Gerard.

Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.

I Hate, drive back the profane multitude,
Attend with ſilence, for no verſes rude,
(You learned) I, the Muſes Prieſt do bring;
But to young boies and tender virgins ſing,
Of Kings which ſhould their ſubjects hold in fear,
For over Kings, *Jove* only rule doth bear;
Which he triumphing, over Gyants prov'd,
When all with twinkling of his eye, he mov'd.
One then another hath more wine then corne,
Another hath in fields more honours borne:

Some

Some others ſtrive with manners and good name,
With many cliants, others purchaſe fame:
With equall Law, death takes poor men and Kings,
And out his large Urne, name by name he brings.
When * *Damocles* beheld the fatall ſword,
O're his vile head, no banquets could afford
Sweet taſt to him, no birds, no muſicks ſtraine
Though warbled oft, could cloſe his eies againe.
Soft ſleep and ſound, doth not diſdaine to dwell,
No, not in pooreſt Country farmers cell,
Nor on the green banke, which to them give ſhade,
Nor *Tempe* ſweeter by mild *Zephire* made.
With what's enough, he that content can be,
Why ſhould he ſaile through the tempeſtious Sea?
Nor fierce *Arcturus* falling force needs fear,
Nor Goate-ſtars riſing, though it grim appear.
Or when the vine is beaten down with haile,
Or the deceitfull earths the plough-man faile;
Or fruitfull trees of waters, or ſtars heat
Complaining oft; or winter's over great.
The fiſhes do perceive the Seas made ſtraight,
And heaps caſt in the deep do riſe in height.
The buſie Tasker with his ſervants ſtore, (poor,
Th' earth-loathing Land-lord, great ſtones in doth
But fear and threatning that ſame way doth clime,
As doth their Maſters: nor at any time
Black care the brazen Galley once will leave,
And cloſe behind the horſe-man it doth cleave.
But if no *Phrigian* columne the heart eaſe,
And brighter then the ſtars no purple pleaſe;
Nor rich *Falernian* wine, no reſt can bring,
Nor the ſweet || *Coſtum* which in *Perſia* ſpring:
Why on proud pillars ſhould I houſes reare
With cuſtome new, which envies burthen bear?

* A Philoſopher, who flattered *Dionii*. || A pretious *Perſian* Ointment.

ODE.

Why ſhould I change my quiet *Sabine* field,
For greater wealth, which working cars doth yeild?

Ode II.

To his friends.

That children in their tender years are to be accuſtomed to poverty, warfare, and a laborious life.

Anguſtam, amici, pauperiem pati.

FRiends, let ſtout youth learn ſharp wars wants to bear,
And chaſe fierce *Parthians* with horſe & ſpear;
And houſeleſſe ſpend their life in open field,
Nor to great dangers let their hearts ere yeild.
Let the fierce Tyrants wife, from the wals high
Behold them; and the maid for terrour cry,
Alas, leſt ſhee to whom ſhee's voted ſpouſe,
Unskil'd, ſhould chance to make the Lion rouſe;
Who ſhould inrag'd with bloudy fury ſlay,
Through heaps of ſlaught'red bodies making way.
It's glorious for our Countries cauſe to die,
But death purſues him who for fear doth flie.
Nor doth it ſpare the young-man who for fear,
Upon their backs baſe cowards ſcars do bear:
For vertue hating cowardiſe, doth ſhine
With unſtain'd honours, rendring her divine.
"Nor doth ſhee take or lay down by command,
"The ſword of Juſtice from the peoples hand.
So ſcorning the baſe earth, and vulgar frie,
With nimble wing ſhee mounteth to the skie.
To truſty ſilence, there's a ſhure reward,
But from his company I'le be debarr'd:
Who blabs ſworn ſecrets, nor at any hand
Imbarke on Sea, or lodge near ſuch on Land.
Though *Jupiter* neglected oft doth ſtrike
The honeſt, and diſ-honeſt both alike;

'Tis

'Tis ſeldome ſeen but puniſhment will find
The guilty out, though halting yet behind.

Ode III.

A man that is indued with vertue, fears nothing.

The Oration of *Juno* for the deſtruction of *Troy*, and the ſending of the *Trojan* war, and of the *Romans* Empire taking, beginning from the *Trojans*.

To Sir Roger North.

Juſtum & tenacem propoſiti virum.

THe man who's juſt, and to his purpoſe ſtands,
No civill factions which foule crimes commands;
Nor th' inſtant Tyrants countenance can make,
Within his breaſt his conſtant mind to ſhake:
Not boiſtrous *Auſter*, unquiet *Adrias* King,
Nor the great hand of high *Jove* thundering:
If the crackt world ſhould fall about his ears,
The ruines cannot drive him into fears.
In this art *Pollux*, wandring *Hercules* went,
Who now are ſtars fixt in the firmament.
And amongſt thoſe our good *Auguſtus* plac'd,
Whoſe roſie mouth the Nectar ſweet doth taſte;
With this thy Tygers *Bacchus* thee have drawn,
On untaught necks, bearing a yoak unknown:
With this *Quarinus*, valient *Mars* his ſon,
Did with his horſes *Acheronto* ſhun:
The gods conſulting him to heaven to take,
Juno to him this pleaſing ſpeech to make:
Th' inceſtuous Judge, and *Hellen* ſtrange did turne;
Troy, *Troy*, to aſhes, which in flrmes did burne.
For ſince *Leomedon* did the gods forſake,
And break the covenants he to them did make:
To me condemn'd, and to *Minerva* chaſt,
And with the people the falſe Captaine plac'd;
Nor now to the faire *Greek* Adultreſſe,
The famous gueſt doth ſhine (as one in bliſſe.)

Nor

Nor the falſe houſe of *Priamus* doth breake
The war-like *Greeks*, with *Hectors* aide too weake:
Now with our factions the wars drawn out ceaſe:
And henceforth heavy angers turn'd to peace.
I will forgive, and to *Mars* his loath'd ſon,
Which unto him the *Trojane* Prieſt had borne.
Whom I will ſuffer amongſt ſtars to ſhine,
And drinke of *Nectar* ſweet, the juce divine;
Whilſt between *Rome* and hateſull *Illion*,
The raging Sea may never ceaſe to run.
Bleſt let them raigne, on either part exil'd,
When upon *Priums* Tomb, and *Paris* vild
The heards ſhall leap, and the wild beaſts ſhall hide
Their young ſecure: and be by none deny'd.
Stand thou bright Capitall, let fierce *Rome* give
Laws to the Conquer'd *Meads*, which long may live:
And every where to be fear'd for her fame,
To furtheſt Nations to extend her name:
Where the mid-ſea, *Europe* from *Affrick* ſevers,
Where ſwelling *Nilus* flowes, the King of Rivers.
And thou more valiant, ſcorne the unfound gold,
Beſt plac'd when that the earth it cloſe doth hold,
Then for to force it unto humane uſe,
With war-like hands whith holy things abuſe;
And what end of the world which ſhall reſiſt,
That let her en'mies o're run when ſhe liſt;
Whether in that part where fire moſt doth rage,
Or where cold dewes and ſnowes do ne're aſſwage.
On theſe conditions, theſe Fates I will give
To war-like *Romans*, not o're juſt to live,
Truſting their ſtrength, they ſhould againe repaire
The wals of antient *Troy*, that were ſo faire.
For with ill chance, *Troyes* riſing fortunes ſhall,
With diſmall ſlaughters into aſhes fall;
And I *Joves* wife and ſiſters will lead out
Such Conquering hands, as quickly ſhall them rout;

If

If that a wall of braſſe ſhall thrice up ſtand,
By *Phœbus* made, yet with my *Grecian* hand;
It thrice ſhall ſinke, husbands with children ſlaine.
The captive wives, ſhall thrice for them complaine:
To the ſweet harpe, theſe things do not agree,
Now whether go'ſt my Muſe? thou art too free:
Leave of th' orations of the gods to tell,
Great things to Lyrick ſtraines do not ſound well.

Ode IVI.

The Poet declares, that by the help of the Muſes, he was delivered from many dangers, and that it fell out unhappily to all men who ſet themſelves againſt God.

To Henry North *Eſquire.*

Deſcende cælo, & dic age tibiâ.

FRom heaven, O Queen *Caliope* deſcend,
With large and long thy Muſick ſweet extend.
Whether it pleaſe thee beſt, with voice ſo ſharpe,
Or with the Violl or *Apollos* Harpe.
Harke! here you not the muſick all this while,
Or doth a pleaſing phrenſie me begile?
Me thinks I hear and ſee her nimbly ſtray (ſtay.
Through th' hallow'd groves, where gods delight to
By which ſweet ſtreames do ſlide with ſilent pace,
And whiſpering gales breath freſhly them to grace.
When being young, weariid with ſports I ſlept,
Inclos'd with boughs, the nurſing Doves me kept.
It's ſtrange to all, that *Acharontio* high,
Rich *Ferents* vales, or *Bantines* lanes hard by,
A neſt ſhould give, that I ſhould take ſuch reſt,
That Bears no Viper might me not infeſt.
That infant I, by providence ſhould wear,
Myrtle and Lavvrel vvreaths devoide of fear.

Muſes

Muſes I'm yours, though *Sabine* hils me hold,
Yours, though *Præneſte* cures me with baths cold.
Though *Tiber* low, or liquid *Baiæ* pleaſe,
Me for my bodies or my mindes diſeaſe;
Nor could *Philippies* fierce retreat deſtroy me,
Longing to leave, your Springs and Quiers injoy me.
Nor yet the curſed tree that ſtruck me down,
Nor wave which skilfull *Palinure* did drown.
I fear not raging *Boſphorus* to try,
Or trudge through *Scyrian* ſands, through hot & dry,
At ſight of ſavage *Brittaines* I'le not ſhrink,
Or *Spaniards* who rejoyce horſe bloud to drinke.
I'le go to ſee the *Tartar* boaring Quiver,
And without hurt behold the *Scythian* river.
It's you that in *Pierian* caves do pleaſe
Great *Cæſar*, when his wearied troops to eaſe,
He did them in ſtrong Garriſons incloſe;
Wherein from dangers they have ſafe repoſe.
For wiſdome doth of councell mild make choice,
And in like councels giv'n do moſt rejoyce.
We know how he with thunder darting hand,
Deſtroy'd the wicked *Titans* ſavage band.
Who rules firme earth, and raging Sea doth quell,
Cities, and the ſad regions of Hell.
With ballance juſt diſpoſing judgements out,
Both to the Gods and to the mortall rout.
That horrid brood, truſting to their ſtrong armes,
Dar'd to give *Jove* thoſe terrible alarmes.
Thoſe Gyants brothers, who combine in one,
To pack upon *Olimpus Pelion*.
What could *Typhæus*, *Mimos* ſtout, or tall
Porphirion, what *Rhœchus*, joyne with all,
Euceladus, who trees pluck'd up could hold,
And caſt them forth as darts with courage bold.
What cold all theſe againſt the ſounding ſhield
Of war-like *Pallas*, which makes all to yeild,

On

On th'other ſide how greedy *Vulcan* flies
Unto the fight, *Juno* brings freſh ſupplies;
So doth *Apollo*, who ne're takes his bow
Of from his ſhoulders, ſave when's hairs that flow.
He drencheth in the pure Caſtalian floud,
Who keeps in *Lycian* groves his native wood.
Strength without counſel, ſincks with its own weight,
But govern'd well, the Gods mak't riſe in height.
Again, they hate thoſe forces which do ſtrive
By right or wrong, baſe projects to contrive.
Witneſſe that hundred handed Giant known,
Who bears my Judgements, juſtly on him thrown.
Witnſſe *Orion* whom *Dianaes* dart
For tempting her chaſt body pierc'd his hart, (load,
Th'earth burthened grones, to bear her monſtrous
And mournes her ſons in hell ſhould have abode.
The nimble fire *Enceladus* ne're burnes,
Nor preſſing *Ætna* into aſhes turnes.
The Vulture doth to *Tytius* liver cleave,
His crime, and torture, never him ſhall leave.
Three hundred chaines *Perithöus* faſt hold,
Thus *Proſerpine* rewards her lover bold.

Ode V.

To Sir Hamond Strange.

The praiſes of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, the diſhonour of *Craſſus*, the conſtancie of *Regulus*, and his return back again to the *Carthaginians*.

Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem.

AS thunder doth proclaime *Joves* raign in heaven,
So now a ſtile Divine ſeems juſtly given
To *Cæſar*, who by conqueſt made of lat,
Brittaines and *Perſians* ſtoope to th'*Romane* State.

O Court and blemish'd manners with foul blame,
Can th' *Apulans* and *Marsians* of great fame,
Forgetting th' honour of the Gowne, and shield,
Themselves to *Paribians* vassalage now yield.
VVhilst *Rome* is safe and with her Gods secure,
Spent with old age, can they their yoke indure.
Regulus foresight did 'gainst this provide,
To base conditions never to be tide.
VVhich to his Countrie a brand should remaine,
Had not the captive *Affricanes* been slaine.
I saw, saith he, ensigns affixt and arms
To Carthage Temples, caught sans bloud or harms.
Romanes I saw with wrests behind them bound,
Gates standing ope, and without guard I found
Lands lately plough'd, and turn'd to fruitfull fields,
VVhich we had harrow'd with our spears and shields.
Think you the Souldier that's redeem'd with gold,
(Cause 'tis a cordiall) thence will fight more bold?
Thus you to cowardize more losse still add,
VVhite wooll once di'd will never look but sad.
Nor can true virtue, if it takes a staine,
By worser things be e're restor'd againe.
The fearfull Hind betaking her to flight,
Out of the toyle, as soon will turn and fight,
As hee'l prove after valiant in the field,
Who to perfidious foes himself did yield.
Or in a second war ingag'd will make,
The *Carthaginians* their ground forsake.
Who sluggish and for fear of death did beare
Base servile bonds and on his hands them weare.
And he not knowing, how his life to save,
Mixt warre with peace, and so become a slave.
O shame! O *Carthage*, great so much more high,
As *Italies* base ruines low do lie.
T'is said that *Regulus* far off remov'd
His wife and children, whom he dearly lov'd,

And

And how bereft of former dignities,
He chang'd his manly, for earth plodding eyes;
Till he confirm'd the wavering Senate more,
By counſel which ne're Authours had before,
And from amidſt his friends who did lament
(Brave exile) haſted into baniſhment.
And though he knew what his tormenters had
Prepar'd for him, yet no leſſe way he made, (even,
Through throng of friends, and peoples clog then
As after tedious pleadings Sentence given:
He walk'd *Venafrian* fields to take his eaſe,
Or to *Tarentum* went his mind to pleaſe.

ODE VI.

To the *Romanes* of the corrupt manners of their age.

To Henry Coke *Eſq.*

Delicta Majorum immeritus lues.

THough guiltleſſe you, yet *Romanes* look to beare,
The ſins of your forefathers till you reare
The tottering Temples of the Gods on high,
And Statues over black'd ſo ſmokilie,
For the ſole cauſe for which you raign and live,
It's that to them you do due honours give.
From this take your beginnings and your end,
For they neglected, many plagues did ſend
On mournfull *Italie*, when *Monæſus* hand
With *Pacorus* did twice o'rerun this land;
VVho did rejoyce their golden ſpoiles to adde
To their ſmall chains, which they more maſſie made.
Thus with ſeditions *Rome* it ſelf annoid
The *Scythians*, and *Meres* well nigh deſtroy'd.
This by his Navy formidable was,
Th'other by his throwne darts did far ſurpaſſe.
Theſe fruitfull times of ſin polluted firſt
Marriage, by which moſt Kindreds were accurſt.

Then from this Fountain this contagion goes,
Which the whole land and people overflowes.
The Virgin ripe rejoyceth to be taught
Lascivious daunces, with such jestures fraught,
And then by rules of Art instructed moves,
Her body young to exercise base loves.
Soon after being married when she knows
Her husband Cup-shot, then about she goes
To find some lustfull Roisters without choice,
To whom she lavish those forbidden joyes,
When light's remov'd, soon after shameless growing,
Shee riseth at a call, her husband knowing,
Whether he Factour or Ship-master be,
Who buyes so dear this wink'd at venerie.
That youth was not of such vile parents bred,
Who did with Punick bloud, the Seas make red.
Who did *Antiochus* and *Pyrrhus* great,
And cruell *Haniball* in wars defeat.
But these the manly Countries off-spring were,
Who til'd the ground, obeyed their severer
Mothers commands, and gladly home did get,
Fuel cut down, soon as the Snn gan set.
Turning his Chariot hence, Oxen unyoke,
Wearied, and then themselves to rest betooke.
And to conclude, thus doth our Poet say,
What doth not all-devouring time decay.
Worse than our Grand-fathers, our Fathers be,
We worse then they, our children worse then we.

Ode VII.

To Aſterie.

He doth comforth Her mourning for the abſence of her husband, and doth admoniſh her, that ſhee will keep her conjugall promiſe made to him.

Quid ſles Aſterie quem tibi candidi.

WHy weepſt *Aſterie?* when in the firſt ſpring,
The weſterne winds thy *Gyges* home will bring,
Rich with *Bithynian* wars, vvhoſe conſtant love
In him being young, from thee ſhall ne're remove.
Who vvith ſtrong gales, & tempeſts great from heaven,
Againſt his vvill novv into *Greece* is driven.
Where the cold nights with watching he doth ſpend,
And from his eyes with ſorrow tears doth ſend.
When as a ſubtile Meſſenger is ſent
From *Cbloë*, who doth many wayes invent
Her loves to tell, like that perfidious wife,
Who did deprive *Bellerophon* of life.
Then tells of *Peleus*, being almoſt ſlaine,
Whilſt from *Hippolites* love he did refraine,
Yet cunningly more ſtories doth relate
Teaching in vain thoſe ſins which he did hate;
But he being ſound, thoſe words with deafer ear
Then the *Icarian* rocks from him did hear.
So take you heed, leaſt that *Enipius* vile,
With his laſcivious luſts doth thee beguile.
Though none can manage a horſe like to him,
Or any ſwifter through the *Tiler* ſwim.
When night comes ſhut they doors, nor do look out,
When his ſhrill ſounding pipe doth come about.
And though he often doth thee cruell name,
Yet be thou conſtant and alwayes the ſame.

Ode VIII.

To Mæcenas.

Although he had no wife, nevertheleſſe *Mæcenas* ought not to wonder why he ſhould celebrate the Kalendes of March.

To Sir Nicholas Strange.

Martiis cœlebs quid agam Kalendis :

IN both tongues learn'd *Mæcenas* nere admire,
On a green Altar raiſ'd that I with fire,
In Marches Calends flowers and incenſe take,
And offerings like a married man to make.
Yes, I to *Bacchus* a white Goat did vow,
And banquets ſweet, which yearly I do owe,
Sav'd from the blow of that unluckie tree,
This day is made a feſtival to me.
That ſhall draw out all thoſe old veſſels which,
Were, (*Tullus* being Conſul) fum'd with pitch.
For thy ſafe friend *Mæcenas*, drink I pray
A hundred healths, and that till break of day
Burn laſting torches, let all anger goe,
And clamours which our mirth may quit undoe.
Of Citi buſineſſes leave off the care,
Since *Dacian* Cotiſons are o'rethrown in warre ;
And cruel *Medes* for their ſeditions mourne ;
All which we ſee to their confuſions turne.
And *Cantaber* an ancient enemie,
Of furtheſt coaſts of Spaine in chaines doth lie:
Alſo the *Scythians* with unbended bow,
Are purpoſed out of the field to go.
Favour thy ſelf, being private and ne're fear,
Leſt by neglect the people loſſe may bear.
In the time preſent joyfully delight,
And from thy heart all ſad thoughts baniſh quite.

ODE

ODE IX.

To Lydia.

A Dialogue of paſt loves, and of renewing them again.

Donec gratus eram tibi.

Horace WHilſt with thy favour I was crown'd,
Nor no Corrival with his arms, (harms:
Clipping thy ſnow-white neck procur'd my
No *Perſian* King was ever more renown'd.

Lydia Whilſt thou no other had'ſt in chaſe,
Nor *Lydia* after *Chlöe* ſhar'd,
Thy love, for honour *Lydia* was compar'd
To Romane *Ilia*, and of her took place.

Hora. Now over me doth *Chlöe* raigne,
Whoſe warbling Lute ſo charmes mine ear,
That for her ſake, to die I would not fear,
If that halfe ſoul of mine could ſtill remaine.

Lydia Young *Calaïs*, *Ornithius* Sun
With mutuall love doth me requite,
For whom I twice could die, and take delight,
If that his ſoul ſad deſtinies might ſhun.

Hora. What if loves Queen ſhould once more chain,
And yoke in braſſe our disjoyn'd ſouls ſo faſt?
That from my breaſt bright *Chlöe* I ſhould caſt,
And to ſcorn'd *Lydia*, ope my gates again.

Lydia Though *Calaïs* more fair then skie,
And thou more light then corke, & raging more
Then billowes-loud on th' *Adriatick* ſhore,
Yet could I wiſh with thee to live and die.

Ode X.

Upon Lyce.

He doth admoniſh *Lyce*, that laying aſide her crueltie, ſhe would ſpare him, making requeſt to her.

Extremum Tanaim ſi biberes Lyce.

IF of the furtheſt *Tanais* thou ſhouldſt taſte,
Or to a barbarous husband thou wert plac'd,
Thou ſhould'ſt bewaile me, laid at thy cold doores
Of *Lyce*, when the raging North-wind roares;
Thou heareſt with what noiſe the gate doth ſound,
Low'd lowing woods thy fair houſe circling round.
How *Jupiter* doth freeſe the falling ſnow,
VVith his meer power upon the earth below:
Not pleaſing *Venus* lay by thy diſdain,
Leſt with broke rope the wheele runs back again.
No coy, *Penelope*, to thy ſuiters bee,
VVhen an *Italian* father begot thee.
Though lovers gifts, nor prayers thee can move,
Nor colour ſtain'd like violets cauſe thee love,
Nor husband wounded with greek ſtrumpet make
Thee me to love, yet on me pittie take;
Though not more ſoft then is the rigid tree,
Nor gentler thou in mind then Serpents bee.
Not alwayes at thy door this ſide ſhall lie,
Nor patient of the raine that falls from skie.

Ode XI.

To Mercurii.

He doth intreat him that he would teach him ſuch Sonnets, wherewith he might draw the mind of *Lyde*, to love him.

Mercuri (nam te) docilis magiſtro.

MErcury (for o thee now be the praiſe,)
That rapt *Amphion* ſinging, ſtones could raiſe,

For

For thou him taught's, and the ſeaven ſtringed Lute,
Didſt make to ſpeak, which formerly was mute.
And not accepted, but a friend now found,
At great mens feaſts and Temples by her ſound.
Teach me thoſe ſtraines of rareſt melody,
To which deaf *Lyde* may her ears apply:
Who leaping like a Coult of three years old,
For fear leaſt any ſhould of her take hold.
Free from all marriage thoughts, and even as yet,
For a proud husband thinkes her ſelfe unfit.
Thou canſt draw woods, make *Tigers* wild to be,
And rivers ſwift, to ſtay for love of thee.
Cerberus, Porter of that mighty hall,
Is ſtill, and at thy muſick flat doth fall:
And though his furious and dreadfull head,
Be with a hundred Vipers over-ſpread. (goe,
From whoſe three tongued mouth foule breath doth
And poiſonous humours from them alwayes flow.
So outwardly *Ixion* ſeemes to ſmile,
And *Tytius* when thy Harpe doth them beguile:
And *Danaus* daughters tub a while ſtood dry,
Whoſe paines the Muſick ſeemes to lenefie.
Who ſtrove a veſſell bottomleſſe to fill,
And that ſlow fates will be a waiting ſtill
In Hell, for ſins to render vengeance ſure,
What wicked ſiſters could do more impure?
What wicked ſiſters could their ſwords imbrue
In husbands bloud? which were to them moſt true.
Yet one 'mongſt all deſerv'd her nuptiall bond,
Who did her fathers perjur'd crimes withſtand:
And famouſly deceitfull ſhee did give,
Such an example as ſhall ever live.
Who to her husband young, ariſe did ſay,
Ariſe, leaſt deadly ſleep takes thee away:
From whence ne're thinke that it thee back will call,
Which little now thou ſeeſt will thee befall.

There-

Therefore prevent my Sire and Sisters all,
Which like to Lioneſſes wil appear,
When they young calves alas in pieces teare.
But I more mild then they, wil not thee ſlay,
Nor in deep dungeons offer thee to ſtay.
Let my fierce father me in chaines faſt bind,
For ſparing my poor husband being kind:
Let him by Sea me baniſh quite away,
Or in remote *Numidian* field me ſtray.
Goe which way Land or Sea advantage give,
While might and love afford thee meanes to live.
Go with good fortune, and upon thy tombe,
T'engrave theſe paſſages afford a roome.

Ode XII.

To Neobule.

Neobule being taken with the love of young *Hebrus*, leadeth a ſluggiſh and iddle life.

Miſerarum eſt neque amori dare ludum.

(cline,

WRetched thoſe women which loves ſport de-
Or harmleſſe waſh not cares away with wine.
Fearing their Uncles * more then fathers rage,
Leſt to fond love they ſhould themſelves engage.
Venus wing'd ſon, *Neobule* thee wil make,
Minerva's loomes and needles to forſake:
For *Hebrus* young, for foot and horſe who's known
More famous then the chaſt *Bellerophon.*
So ſoon as his anointed ſhoulders he
Had drench'd in *Tiburs* ſtreames then preſently,
He expert was, the ſwift foot Deere to wound,
And the wild Boare, which in thick groves is found.

* *Cum ſapimus patruos qui acrius obiurgant fratam filios. Pereius Saty.* 1.

ODE

Ode XIII.

The fountaine of *Blandutia*, to whom he promiſeth a Sacrifice, whoſe ſweetneſſe he highly commendeth.

To John Garneis Eſquire.

O fons Blanduſiæ ſplendidior vitro.

O Fountaine of *Blanduſia*! thou doſt ſhine,
More clear then glaſſe, worthy of ſweeteſt wine;
Not without flowers, to morrowes Sacrifice
Shall be a Kid, whoſe ſwelling hornes do riſe,
Being newly budded, but in vaine prepare,
In *Venus* quarrel to begin to war.
For that laſcivious off-ſpring with red bloud,
Thy colder ſtreames ſhal ſtaine as with a floud:
The parching time of the hot *Scirian* ſtar
Shal not thee touch: to cattle wandring far,
And to the Oxen wearied with the plough,
Behold cold ſhades, and water doſt allow:
And thou of Nobleſt fountaines ſhalt be made,
When upon hollow rocks a holme-tree laid
I ſhall ſing forth: from whence thy waters ſlide,
And with ſweet murmur alwayes ſeem to chide.

Ode XIIII.

To the people of Rome.

This *O D E* doth containe the praiſes of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, returning out of *Spaine*, and his Conquering of the *Cantabrians*.

Herculis ritu modò dictus, ô plebs.

HErcules like *Cæſar*, is ſaid from *Spaine*,
Victoriouſly the laurell wreath to gaine:
Bought with contempt of death, O people now
Let the chaſt Matron gladly pay her vow
To the juſt Gods, O let *Octavia* bleſt
With maides, and young mens mothers humbly dreſt,

For

For thoſe their ſons late ſafe returne from war,
Youth and new brides unluckie language ſpare:
For all ſad cares this day ſhall take from mee,
Moſt truly this a feaſtivall ſhall be.
Commotions I'le not fear, nor forced deaths,
While *Cæſar* raignes, fetch ointments boy & wreths:
Broach me that veſſell, ſav'd i'th' *Marſian* war,
Or that when *Spartacus* did wander far.
Then bid white *Næera* to make haſte,
Binding her yellow locks in a knot faſt.
But if the unkind Porter thee delay,
Stopping thine enterance, hie thee away.
Haires growing gray, their ſtoutneſſe doth appeaſe,
Whom in their youth nothing like ſtrife did pleaſe.
Nor I in heat of youth diſdaine could brook,
When *Plancus* th' honour of a Conſull took.

Ode XV.

To Chloris.

That being old Shee would put an end to her luſt.

Uxor pauperis Ibici.

O Thou poor *Ibichus* his aged wife,
At laſt leave of thy leaud and luſtfull life.
Leave off 'mongſt Virgins young to ſport and play,
Since mellow now thou ſoon maiſt drop away;
Nor with bright ſtars a black cloud thou muſt place,
For what ſits *Pholöe Chloris* ſhee'l diſgrace,
Thy daughter *Thias*-like may ſitter come
To young mens doors, ſtir'd up by *Bacchus* drum.
But when like fisking Goat, ſhe takes delight,
The love of *Nothus* may undo her quite.
The rock and ſpindle will become thee beſt,
Nor with Harps ſound ſhalt thou be henceforth bleſt;

Nor

Nor ſhall the roſie garland deck thy head,
Nor wines be given to thee though ſo dead.

Ode XVI.

To Mæcenas.

To Sir John Hobert.

All things do yeild to gold, but *Horace* is content with his own fortune, from whence he thinkes himſelfe happy.

Incluſam Danaën turris ahenea.

When *Danäe* in a Tower of braſſe
With ſtrong barr'd gates incloſed was,
Guarded with watchful curres.

The fearfull father ſlept ſecure,
Preſuming ſhee was fenc'd ful ſure
From night Adulterers.

Whereat ſly *Jove* and *Venus* ſmild,
How they *Acrilius* would beguild,
The plot was ſure and plaine.

The God dropt in a ſhower of gold,
Which in her lap ſhee joy'd t' infold,
He more his luſt to gaine.

All conquering gold in triumph goes,
And loves to paſſe through troops of foes,
Or worke ſome ſtrange revolt.

Gold oft more powerfull force hath ſhowne,
To break through ſtrongeſt wals of ſtone,
Then ſharpeſt thunder-bolt.

Amphiaraus houſe by bribes fell downe,
The gates of City, Fort and Towne,
The *Macedonian* King

With

With gipts forc'd ope, and did command
Thus Captaines fierce by Sea and Land,
Guifts into ſnares can bring.

Treaſures and cares alike growes great,
The more I hunger, more I eat,
From theſe by right I flie.

My dear *Mæcenas*, who art known,
To Knighthood to bring great renown,
Nor dare my head lift high.

For who in moſt himſelfe denies,
Shall from the Gods have moſt ſupplies.
Lo naked I th' example.

A Cottage with content I chuſe,
And rich mens Pallaces refuſe,
And with contempt them trample.

Which ſlighting I more truly owne,
Then that what ever Clowns have ſown,
Or reapt with labour ſore;

Which my barns might as cloſely hide,
As theirs, who fearing to be ſpide,
In mid'ſt of wealth live poor.

Pure ſtreames, ſweet groves of acres few,
My grateful grounds all graines renew,
Which me more happy makes;

Then he to whom the *Affrick* field,
With large command choice fruits doth veild,
Yet no ſuch pleaſures takes.

Though no *Campanian* wines I have,
Nor yet *Calabrian* hony crave,
Nor from the Gaules rich wooll.

Yet

Yet reſtleſſe povertie's away,
Should I aske more thou'lt not gain ſay,
That I in want live ful.

Thus pay I Tributes with leſſe paine,
And in content more boundneſſe raign,
Then like a *Phrygian* King,

Though land to land I ſtil ſhould buy,
To make my fields together lie,
Incloſed like a ring.

For they want moſt that moſt do crave,
It is enough ſmal ſtore to have,
And with a ſparing hand,

Who ſo doth husband what God gives,
And there withall contented lives,
He doth enough command.

ODE XVII.

To Ælius Lamia.

Firſt he doth extoll his Nobility, then admoniſheth him that the next day being like to prove tempeſtuous, that he would paſſe away the time merrily.

To my kinſman *John Stafford* Eſquire.

Æli vetuſto nobilis ab Lamo.

O Noble *Ælius*, of old *Lamias* race, (grace,
From whom the *Lamiæ* nam'd, took their firſt
And ſithence Records thy long deſcents down bring:
Thou wilt from him have thy whole ſtock to ſpring,
Who firſt built *Formiæ*, and did there reſide,
Where *Lyris* through *Maricas* ſhores did glide:
Commanding far, to morrow from the Eaſt,
A tempeſt great ſhal Sea and Land infeſt.
If long liv'd Crow failes not, in ſtormes wel skil'd,
Woods ſhal with leaves, the ſhoars with weeds be fil'd;

Whilſt

Whilſt thou doſt drinke, do not drie fuell ſpare:
Lay on good ſtore, for other things ne're care,
For thou to morrow ſhalt thy *Genius* cheere
With a fat Proket, and pure wine made clear;
Then with thy ſervants, from all workes releaſt,
You may together freely ſport and feaſt.

ODE XVIII.

To Faunus.

He prayeth him, being God of the woods, and of ſickneſſe, that he would paſſe by his fields, and be friendly to him and his.

Faune Nympharum fugientum amator.

O *Faunus*, lover of the Nymphs that flie
With gentle pace, my bounds and fields paſſe by;
I thee intreat to bear a friendly mind
To me, and to my harmleſſe Lambs be kind:
If a young Kid ſhall die at the years end,
And unto *Venus* * conſort I commend
Full bowles of wine; thy Altars old ſhall fume
With odours ſweet, and yearly them conſume.
In floury fields the cattel all ſhal play,
Decembers nones to thee ſhall give a day:
The village whole ſhall with their oxen reſt,
And in thy medowes celebrate thy feaſt:
The wolves amongſt imboldned Lambes ſhall ſtray,
The wood for thee her freſh boughes ſhall diſplay:
The ploughmen on the hatefull earth doth tread,
And with a nimble foot ſhall dances lead.

* *Bacchus.*

ODE.

ODE XIX.

To Telephus.

He doth merrily reprehend himself, because describing antient Histories, he doth neglect those things which pertaine to a pleasant life.

To Collonel Arthur Heaveningham.

Quantum distet ab Inach.

HOw long from *Inachus Codrus* did live,
Who for his Countries good his life did give,
Thou tell'st us, and *Æacus* great race,
And wars which sacred *Ilium* did deface:
But dost conceal at what price we should get
Rich *Chian* wine: or who our baths should heat:
Where, and what hours *Pilignian* cold to want,
And that at suppers our fires be not scant:
Fil me my boy a cup to the new || Moon,
To midnight one, one to *Murena* soon;
To thee or mine, let his Cups equall give,
Who with the Muses nine doth love to live.
A Poet learned, to drink nine 'tis not much,
But above three for fear of strife to touch.
The Grace joyn'd with her sisters bare forbad,
My Genius longs a little to be mad.
Why failes the sound of * *Berecinthyas* flute?
Why hangs the pipe and harpe together mute?
I hate all sparing hands, boy hither bring
Sweet Roses store, them on the table fling:
That envious *Lycus* our mad wife may hear,
With Mistresse near whom jealouse he doth fear.
Thou *Pellephus*, like to the evening star,
With thy thick-lock excellest others far:
Ripe *Chlöe* seeks thee now fit for a man,
And *Glycerus* love doth make me pale and wan.

|| *Et cur non diurnæ stellæ?* * *Mater Deorum.*

Ode XX.

To Pyrrhus.

Whom he perswadeth that he would not draw *Nearchus* from the love of his Mistresse.

To Thomas Peyton Esquire.

Non vides quanto moveas periculo.

SEest not with what great danger thou maist presse
The whelps of the *Getulian* Lioness?
After hard conflicts *Pyrrhus* thou shalt fly,
And like a faint-heart Souldier seeme to crie.

When through th'opposed troops of young men she
Shall go, and faire *Nearchus* bring from thee:
'Twill prove a doubtfull conflict whether shall,
The greater pray to thee or her fall.

In the meane time whilst thou dost arrowes get,
Shee presently her fearfull * teeth doth whet:
He * Umpire of the field is said to put,
The palme of glory under his bare foot:

And his faire shoulders spread with perfum'd haire
Hee's said to ran it with the wanton aire.
Even such was *Nireus*, or that lovely boy,
Snatch'd from the watery *Ida* near to *Troy*.

* Or Nailes. * *Nearchus.*

Ode.

Ode XXI.

To his Wine vessell.

He doth admonish *Merrile* that she would powre out her ancient Wine in favour of *Corvinus*, from whence occasion being taken he remembreth the praises of Wine.

To Mr. Anthony Freston, Mr. Frances Burwell and Mr. John Brahame.

O Nata mecum Consule Manlio.

THou vessell which with me beganst to live,
Manlius then Consul whether thou dost give
To us sweet jeasts, * or strife, or else mad love,
Or that thy working gentle sleepes doth move:
What *Massick* wine thou keep'st by name of worth,
In a good day? O worthy thou bring forth:
Descend to draw forth wines that milder be,
Since that *Corvinus* hath commaded thee;
Though rough ond moistned with *Socratick* skill,
He ne're neglects of this to take his fill.
Reports tell that old *Cato's* vertue grave,
To warme it self with wine did often crave,
Thou often to hard-wits mak'st tortures light,
And cares from wiser men dost banish quite:
The secret counsels of the || Common-weale,
With merry *Bacchus* thou do'st oft reveale:
Thou hope and strength do'st give to minds distrest,
And with true valour arm'st the poor mans brest;
That after thee no Crests of angry Kings,
Nor armes of Souldiers to him terrour brings.
If *Liber* and glad *Venus* present be,
If Graces slow to break the knot, bring thee,
The lighted lampes shal burn til break of day,
Until the morning drives the stars away.

* *Jocus, rixæ, Somnus, tres vini effectus.* || *Quid non ebrietas designat operta recludit, &c.*

ODE XXII.

To Diana.

Upon *Diana*, whose offices he doth celebrate, and to whom he consecrates his pine near his village.

Montium custos nemorumque virgo.

OF Woods and Hils, thou Virgin Ranger art,
Who dost to childbed women helpe impart:
Triformed Goddesse who thrice call'd dost hear,
And of deaths danger tak'st away the fear.
This Pine which to my village near doth grow,
To thee I'le give, on which I will bestow
At each years end, bloud of an ungelt Swine,
Whose head to hurt the striker doth incline.

ODE XXIII.

To Phidales.

That the Gods are to be worshipped with pure hands, and with a conscience of a life well spent.

To my kinsman John Jenney Esquire.

Cælo supinas si tuleris manus.

RUstick *Phidale*, if in the Moons increase,
Thou dost to heaven thine upright hands address,
If thou the Gods with incense and new wine
Canst pacifie, or with a greedy swine.
Thy fruitfull vines shall feel no South-winds blast,
Nor barren Mildewes thy green corne shall waste.
Nor thy sweet children in their tender age,
Need fear the plagues that do in Autumne rage.
What is't to thee? what voted Sacrifice
The great Arch-Pontiffs make of highest price?
Of beasts in *Algid* or *Albania* bred,
Where their sharpe moist'ned ax divide the head.
Alas, it nothing doth to thee pertaine,
For to appease with many Heyfers slaine.

When

When with Roſemary and faire Myrtle thou,
Of thy ſmall houſhold Gods maiſt crown each brow.
If with pure hands thine Altars thou doſt touch,
No ſumptuous off'ring can do halfe ſo much,
To pleaſe thy angry *Lares* as a graine
Of Salt, or meale giv'n piouſly though plaine.

Ode XXIV.

Upon Covetous rich men, and the corruption of the times.

To Sir Arthur and Sir Robert.

Intactis opulentior.

THen th'untouch'd treaſures of *Arabia*,
Though wealthier thou, or of rich *India*,
And of the *Terrbene* and the *Pontick* Sea,
With thine hewne ſtones thou now Poſſeſſed be,
If cruell Fate his Adamantine nailes
Strike in thy head, who thereof never failes:
Thou ſhalt not free thy mind from wretched fear,
Nor yet ſhalt pluck thy head out of deaths ſnare.
Better the *Scythians* in the fields do live
(Whoſe waines their houſes here and there do drive)
And rigid *Getes*, whoſe grounds ne're meaſur'd be,
Their fruits and cornes they bear away as free:
More then a year, no tillage doth them pleaſe:
And freed from labour, by lots take their eaſe.
The ſtep-dame there to th' motherleſſe is kind,
And innocent, ſhee ſhewes a gentle mind;
Nor the rich wife her husband holds in fear,
Nor to th'adulterer will lend her ear:
The parents vertue, greateſt dower is known,
The chaſte tied wife feares all men but her owne,
Which truſt 'tis ſuch a ſin to violate,
That no leſſe price then death can expiate.

Oh who wil impious ſlaughters take away?
Or amongſt us Civil Seditions ſtay:
Who father of his Country doth delight,
Under his Statue glorioufly to write:
Let him now bridle untam'd liberty,
And ſo live famous to poſterity;
Becauſe (Oh ſin!) ſafe vertue we do hate,
Which tane away, we envious ſeek too late.
What doth it profit ſad compl‡ints to make
If that of faults no puniſhment we take?
Without good manners what do laws pro-
They are but vaine,& to us of no uſe. (duce?
If that part of the world ſhut up with heat,
Or near the North where winter's over-great,
There where the ſnowes are frozen to the ground,
Can to the Merchant never ſet a bound?
Nor crafty Marriners to paſſe don't fear
The horrid ſeas, in danger every where?
When poverty that great reproach commands
To do and ſuffer, nothing it withſtands,
And the hard way of vertue doth forſake,
And what ſo pleaſeth that to undertake.
Now let us ſend into the Capitol,
Where ſutes and clients favours us extol:
Or let us caſt into the neareſt Sea,
Gems fruitleſſe gold, which of ill cauſes be;
And of all crimes who ſo now wel repents,
Muſt of all luſts root out the elements;
And tender minds of ſtudies over-rough,
In their young years can never take enough.
The noble child but rude his horſe to guide,
At firſt doth fear a hunting for to ride;
More skill'd to play with the Greek Top if bidden,
Or rather at the dice by Law forbidden;
Mean while his father by foule perjury,
Both ſtrangers cheats, and his own company;

And

And for the money which he gets in haſte,
His thriftleſſe heire wil cauſe it ſoon to waſte;
Though wicked riches with him be not ſcant,
There's ſomething which I know not, he doth want.

Ode XXV.

To Bacchus.

By whoſe motion he is ſtirred up to relate ſome Lyrick verſes in the praiſe of *Auguſtus*.

Quò me Bacche rapis

O Whether *Bacchus* ful of thee poſſeſt,
Into what woods or grots am I now preſt?
With what new thoughts inſpir'd? within what Den,
Shal I great *Cæſars* praiſes lift to heaven,
And place him 'mongſt *Joves* Councellers? I ſing
Some new, renowned and un-heard of thing,
As when wak'd *Evias* rapt in mountaines high,
Winters companion *Hebrus* did eſpie:
And when in vulgar ſongs, ſhee *Thracia* cold,
And *Rhodopes* hid ſecrets did unfold.
O how I'm pleas'd that firſt in Lyrick verſe,
I did *Romes* fame in rocks and woods reherſe;
O thou that rule o're *Naiades* doſt bear,
Who with their hands tall Aſhes up can tear:
Of nothing ſlight nor mortall I wil ſpeak,
Nor vent my ſelf in ſtraines too low or weak;
Th'adventur's ſweet, *Lenæus* thee to trace,
Who with vine wreaths thy Poets browes doſt grace.

Ode XXVI.

To Venus.

That he being wasted with age, doth bid farewell to all youthfull pleasures.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus.

When I was young, for Ladies I was fit,
And in that warfare did great honour get.
Now shall this wall my love songs and my Lute
Have and preserve, which long time have been mute.
Which *Venus* Chappels, left side doth sustaine,
Here hang your bowes and all your Ensignes vaine.
O Goddesse! thou that dost blest *Cyprus* hold,
And Queen of *Memphis*, wanting *Thracian* cold,
Scourge thou proud *Chloe* with whips lifted high,
That once shee may her mind to loves apply.

Ode XXVII.

To Galatæa.

Whom he doth deter from going to Sea, by the example of *Europa*.

Impios parræ recinentis omen.

Let the sad Omen of th' oft scritching Owle,
The Bitch and Fox with young, the wolves that howl
From out the Forrest, with the yeilding Snake
But I of future dangers provident,
Fear nought that bodes to thee such ill event.
Before the Crow divinig stormes at hand,
Doth at the standing Lakes and fresh Pools stand.
At the Sun rising I'le the Ravens pray,
To sing a lucky Augury that day.
Maist thou live happily where so e're thou be
Galatea! and remember me.

Nor

Nor let the Pie thee ſtay with's left hand flight,
Nor yet the Crow that ſeldome flies out right.
See'ſt thou *Orion* virgin to the Weſt?
Thinke with what tempeſt he may thee moleſt.
I know what whirle-pooles *Adrias* Gulph may rear,
And the *Calabrian* winds which calme appear.
Let wives and children of our enemies know,
The tempeſt which from the Eaſtern Goat-ſtar blow.
And of the ſwelling Sea, the rorings great,
And the ſhoars trembling when high waves them beat.
So did *Europa* truſt her mild-white ſide
To a deceitfull Bull through Seas to glide.
Firſt bold, then pale, the fraud did much diſpleaſe
Her frighted with the monſters of the Seas.
Of late in medowes, ſeeking flow'rs and roſes.
She promis'd garlands for the Nymphs compoſes.
Now in the covert of a glimmering night,
When nought but waves and ſtars appear'd in ſight:
No ſooner ſhee to hundred town'd *Crete* came,
But ſtrait cride out, ay me! to leave the name
Of father, daughter moſt undutifull,
Through madneſſe thus enamour'd with a Bull.
From what unhappy ſtate I'me falne away,
'Mongſt what prodigious monſters do I ſtray.
For loſt virginity on death's but ſmall,
And do I waking that foule fact bewaile.
Or death an idle dreame me innocent,
Delude through fancies Ivory gate forth ſent.
Whether is't better through vaſt Seas to go,
Or gather flowers which in green medowes grow.
Oh that a ſword were given me now to kill
This filthy Bull, mine anger to fulfill.
And force my ſelfe his lofty hornes to mangle,
Who my affections did of late entangle.
Impudent, I my fathers houſe forſook,
More impudent that I this life can brook.

O ſome amongſt the Gods hear this I pray,
That naked I might amongſt Lions ſtray;
Before foule leaneſſe my faire cheeks doth waſte,
Or vigour ſhould from my young body haſte:
I beautiful deſire, Tygers to feed,
Europa vile thy father now with ſpeed,
Though abſent, urgeth what lets thee to die,
Thou maiſt from this tree hang thy ſelf on high.
Or if that death delights thee more make haſt,
Upon ſharp rocks and clifts thy ſelf to caſt.
Go to commit thy ſelf to ſtormes fierce dint,
Unleſſe thou'lt rather ſpin thy daily ſtint:
Bloud-royall though thou be and yeild in fine,
To be ſome barbarous dames baſe concubine.
Whilſt thus ſhee mourn'd, ſlie *Venus* and her ſon
Were preſent ſmiling, but with's bow undone.
Strait when ſh'had jeer'd enough, abſtaine ſhee ſaith,
From hot contentions and bitter wrath.
Since of that hatefull Bull there's neither horne,
But ſhall by thee in pieces ſoon be torne.
Know'ſt not thou art unconquer'd *Joves* conſort,
Leave ſighs, thy ſelf to fortunes high comport:
For ſince the now known world's but tripartite,
Let one of theſe it ſelf *Europa* write.

ODE XXVIII.

To Lyde.

He doth exhort her that upon *Neptunes* holy day, ſhee would paſſe away her time merrily with wine.

Feſto quid potius die Neptuno faciam.

WHat's beſt to do on *Neptunes* holy day?
Bring forth rich wines, O *Lyde* make no ſtay!
And to thy ſetled wiſdome adde new force,
Thou ſeeſt the Sun paſt his Miridian courſe;

Thou

Yet ſpar'ſt the long kept veſſel to draw out,
As if ſwift day would not ſoon wheele about.
Wee'l ſing by turnes of *Neptune* and the faire
Nereïdes, with Sea-green coloured haire,
But thou with crooked Harpe ſhalt in high verſe,
Latonaes, and ſwift *Cynthiaes* darts reherſe:
Who *Gnidos* and bright *Cyclades* doth hold,
And *Paphos* wherewith Swans her Chariots roul'd.
Loſt to the night, wee'l ſing a mournfull ſong,
Since ſuch ſad dumps of right to her belong.

ODE XXIX.

To Mæcenas.

Whom he doth invite to a merry ſupper, laying aſide all publique cares.

To William Brewſe Eſquire.

Tyrrhena regum progemies tibi.

FOr you *Mæcenas* whoſe long race down brings
Thy Anceſters from great *Hetrurian* Kings:
I am at home with pureſt wine well ſped,
Flowers, Roſes ſweet, Ointments, for thy head.
Quit thee from lets, nor alwayes doe behold,
Æſulas fields, or *Tibers* moiſt and cold.
Nor *Telagone* the paricides high hill,
For too much plenty with diſdaine doth fill.
Forbear to wonder from thy Turret high,
Which in thy garden reacheth to the skie.
The ſmoke and noiſe of thy beloved *Rome*,
Contents by changes oft to thee rich come.
In a poor cottage without Court-like dreſſe,
Neat ſuppers may afford more cheerfulneſſe.
Now *Cepheus* with *Endromede* ſhines clear,
Among the Stars proclaiming Summer's near.

Precion

Procion fore-running, the dog-ſtar now regardeth,
The Lion with the Sun, dry dayes preſageth:
The weary ſheepheard now doth range about,
With his faint flock, he ſhades and brookes ſeeks out.
And rough *Sylvanus* thickets joyes to find,
When every banke is whiſt and void of wind.
Thou for the Cities ſtate tak'ſt too much care,
And caſting what beſeemes it and doſt fear,
How the *Seres* and the *Bactrians* do obey
Cyrus commands, o're *Tanais* who bears ſway:
But Gods great wiſdome folds in darkeſome night,
Th' event of things to come from humane ſight:
And ſmiles if mortals dare preſume to pry,
More then is meet into hid deſtiny.
What preſent is as object of thy ſight,
Compoſe and order it with all due right.
All other things like rivers carried be,
Which with ſmooth ſtreames now fall into the Sea,
Another while they rocks and trees up tear,
And beaſts, and houſes quite away they beare;
With the great noiſe of woods and mountaines nigh,
When the fierce flouds make rivers to ſwell high:
But he's the man lives cheerfull that can ſay,
With preſent comforts I can ſpend the day.
Whether black clouds to morrow ſhall appear,
Or *Jupiter* ſits in the ſun-beames clear.
Who on things paſt looks with unchanged mind,
Nor undoes ought, come what can come behind.
Or what the ſwift ours once had brought about,
Whether that fortune ſmiles or elſe doth pout:
Making her ſports in miſery the ſame,
Oft ſets herſelf to play another game:
Changing uncertaine honours with the wind,
Shee's now to me, now to another kind.
I praiſe her conſtant if ſhee ſhakes the wing,
And flees away, I ſoon reſign the thing

Shee

She gave, and to my inward ſtock retreat,
Chuſe honeſt poverty fore riches great.
I need not to my prayers my ſelf betake,
When roaring tempeſts threaten all to wrack,
Leſt *Cyprian* or my *Tyrian* wares ſhould add,
To greedy Seas more wealth then e're they had.
I'le ſaile when I with helpe of oares may flote
Safe through th'*Ægean* Seas in a ſmall boat.

Ode XXX.

To his Muſe Melpomene.

Signifying that by his writing, his glory ſhould laſt for ever.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

More firme then braſſe, or *Piramids* more high,
Which regall hands have rear'd unto the skie,
I raiſed have a monument whoſe ſeat,
No eating ſhowers, nor North winds over great
Can e're devour, or endleſſe courſe of years,
Or times ſwift flight who all before him bears.
I'le not all die, my better part ſhall live,
Which unto death ſhall ne're poſſeſſion give.
With following praiſes my fame freſh ſhall grow,
Whilſt ſilent veſtals with th' high Prieſt ſhall go
Up to the Capitoll and be renown'd,
Where violent *Aufidus* roares with horrid ſound.
And where poor *Daunus* almoſt dry doth ſtand,
Over rude Nations having a command:
So from mean parents I a Prince ſhall prove,
When the Greek verſe to *Latian* tunes I move,
Now aſſume ſtate acquired by thy worth,
Melpomene my Muſe, and ſo come forth,
With willing mind ſtretch out thy hand ſo faire,
And with the *Delphick* Laurell crowne my haire.

Lib. IV.

Ode I.

To Venus.

That *Horace* being ſtrucken with years ought not to give his mind to the delights of love, or making amerous verſes, yet notwithſtanding he is tormented with the fooliſh love of *Ligurinus*.

Intermiſſa Venus diu.

NEgected *Venus* after long delay,
Thou ſtir'ſt up wars again, ſpare, ſpare, I pray;
I am not now as when in times long paſt,
Good *Cynaras* commands inchain'd me faſt:
Ceaſe cruell Mother of affections ſweet,
From me for luſtful ſerviſes unmeet:
Since now my fifty years wel nigh expires,
Go where th'art call'd by young mens hot deſires,
Drawn with ſwift Swans with *Maximus* remaine,
If thou for love a fit gueſt would'ſt obtaine.
For he is Noble, comely, and not mute,
A learned patron of the guilties ſuit:
So he, thy war-like Enſignes wil diſplay,
And being mighty bare the prize away:
Then in a *Cytrian* Temple he wil make,
Thy marble Statue near *Albanias* Lake;
Where thou ſweet Sacrifices oft ſhalt ſmel,
And pipes and harpes with ſongs ſhall pleaſe thee wel;
Where boyes and virgins twice a day ſhall ſound
Thy praiſe, & with white feet thrice ſhake the ground:

Me

Me neither boy nor girle nor mutuall love,
Nor to contend with cups at all can move;
Nor with fresh flowers my temples now to crown,
Or *Ligurine* why fall so few tears down
My cheeks? why doth my faultering tongue unfold
No words at all? in dreames I thee fast hold;
Now I thee follow through the *Martian* field,
Now through deep *Tiber*, but thou wilt not yeild.

Ode II.

To Julus Antonius, the Son of Marcus Antonius, the Triumuir.

It is a dongerous thing to imitate Antient Poets.

To Sir Fredrick Cornewalleis.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.

HE that wil flie in *Pindarus* high straine,
With waxen wings *Icarus*-like in vaine;
May for his boldnesse fall into the maine:
For as a showre swell'd-streame falling below,
From a steep Mount, it's bankes doth overflow.
Thus *Pindarus*, with eloquence profound,
Flowes forth as knowing neither banke nor bound:
For which he doth deserve *Apollos* Crown,
Whether in verse sweet words he doth powre down:
Or else of Gods or Kings he speakes in prose,
Or the great *Heroes* that descend from those:
By whom the Captaines by a just death fell,
Or the Chimera with it's three mouth'd Hell:
Or those whom the *Ælean* victory,
Did for their merit lift up to the skie:
Whether on foot or horse they did surpasse,
His verse exceeds a hundred Toombs of brasse:

Or

Or if of the ſad widdowes husband ſlaine,
Or of his vertues loſſe he did complaine:
He did redeem him from oblivions grave,
And amongſt ſtars a place to him he gave.
O! *Antony* much eloquence did make,
That *Theban* Swan 'bove clouds his flight to take.
But I poor Bee, with labour gaeat do go, (low.
Gathering ſweet Thyme from flowers that ſpring be-
But thou in higher ſtraines of *Cæſar* ſing.
When he the ſavage *Germans* bound doth bring.
Then whom kind Gods, nor Fates did ever give,
Greater or better here on earth to live,
Nor ever ſhall, although thoſe ages old
Shall come againe, of ſilver or of gold:
So thou, the joyes and feſtivals of *Rome*
Shalt chant, ſince valiant *Cæſar* ſafe is come:
And hath from Courts all Law-ſuits tane away,
And if any thing worth hearing I could ſay;
Then to the Poem I my verſe would give,
O happy day! ſince *Cæſar* ſafe doth live:
When thou ſing'ſt triumph, every town ſhall ſay
O! happy, happy, happy be that day:
To the propitious Gods wee'l incenſe give,
Nor ſhall thine Oxen ten, nor Heifers live;
A tender weaned Calfe my vowes ſhall pay,
Which wantonly doth in large paſtures play.
Like the new Moon upon the third dayes ſhow,
On whoſe faire fore-head white bow'd horns do grow,
When on his face pure white you may behold,
But all his body colour'd is like gold.

ODE

Ode III.

To Melpomene.

Horace is borne to the art of Poesie, by whose benefit he hath attained immortall glory.

Quem tu Melpomene semel.

WHom thou *Melpomene* dost young behold
With pleasing eye, he'l ne'r be Champion bold;
Nor will he on swift coursers dare to ride,
Nor like a conquerer the Greeks Chariot guide:
Nor in the Capitoll, with baies appear, (fear.
For conquering Kings, whose threats he scornes to
But friutfull *Tibers* streames, and thick hey'd groves,
T' ennoble me in verse afford their loves.
Since th'Empress *Romes* faire off-spring me doth grace,
To hold 'mongst Lyrick Poets a chief place:
Whereby black envies teeth I little fear,
Thou Muse which tun'st the golden Harp to th' ear;
And giv'st to fishes mute, the Swans sweet song,
What e're is mine, doth all to thee belong.
Me pointed at with finger, men passe by,
And this the Romane Lyrick is thy cry:
That I thus live and please, if please I shall,
All this from thee, therefore sweet Muse take all.

Ode IV.

To the City of Rome.

Of the vertuous disposition of *Drusus*, and of his education under *Augustus*.

To Maurice Shelton Esquire.

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem.

LIke to the thunder-bearer of high *Jove*,
The Eagle whom the King of Gods did love;

And gave command o're birds of every kind,
Whose truſt he in faire *Ganimede* did find.
When vernall winds all ſtormes remov'd did teach,
Him fearful how to flie his wings to ſtreatch.
Then did his youth, and native vigour make
Him ignorant of toile, his neſt forſake.
And having ſoon attain'd to fuller ſtrength,
He proves to Lambs an enemy at length.
Then 'gainſt fel Serpents love, of food and fight,
To conquer oppoſites did him delight.
Or as a Kid, feeding in paſtures ſweet,
A Lion lately weaned from the teat
Of's cruell yellow dam, doth ſoon eſpie,
That by his cruell teeth he needs muſt die.
So do the *Vandales* and the *Rhetians* fear
The valiant *Druſus*, when he arm'd drew near.
I much admir'd, why *Amazonion*-like,
With Axes in their right hands they do ſtrike:
Nor is it poſſible all things to know,
But they who long and far did victors go:
Now overcome, perceive what councell good,
Nouriſh'd with breeding adds to royall bloud,
From good and valiant men the like proceed,
So Kine and Horſes follow all their breed.
An Eagle fierce ne're bread a gentle Dove,
But learning innate vertue doth promove:
The love of right, ſtrengthens the mind againe,
Manners corrupted do beſt natures ſtaine.
O *Rome*! how much thou didſt to *Nerues* ow,
Metaurus can atteſt, the ſame doth ſhow;
Aſdrubal conquer'd, and that happy day,
Which chaſt from *Italy* thoſe clouds away:
Who firſt didſt ſmile with plenty of all graine,
When cruell *Hanibal* fled hence amaine;
Poſting through towns, as flames 'mongſt torches flie,
Or th' Eaſt-wind on the waves of *Scicily*.

Soon

Soon after this follow'd with good ſucceſſe,
Romes youthfull Souldiery did much increaſe:
And Temples by the *Carthaginian* fright
Waſted, had their falne Gods repair'd upright.
At laſt the perjur'd *Hanibal* did ſay,
We Staggs purſue for greedy Woolves fit prey:
Whom to deceive, and by our flight diſmiſſe,
Of their falſe hopes an ample triumph is.
A valient Nation from *Troys* aſhes ſprung,
Who on the *Tuſcan* Seas being toſſed long;
At laſt with parents, Gods and children dear,
Within th' *Italian* Cities did appear:
As on an Oak oft cut, more thick doth grow,
So will this Nation when it ſeemes moſt low:
Or like the Hydra when *Alcbides* ſtout,
Cut off one head, ſeaven for one forth ſprout.
So that from *Thebes* no *Cholchos* e're can come,
A greater monſter then is this of *Rome*.
A *Romane* caſt into the Sea for drown'd,
Shakes but his ears and he's more valiant found.
Though an whole hoſt compaſſe him round about,
Yet with great honour hee'l at laſt ruſh out:
Then managing his battailes with ſuch skill,
That the wives cannot of them chat their fill.
I'le no proud meſſages to *Carthage* ſend,
Since all our hopes have now their fatall end.
Loſt is our fortnne, loſt our name and all,
All loſt, by the ſad death of *Aſdrubal*.
There's nothing but the *Neroes* can effect,
Whom *Jupiter* doth with benigne aſpect
Defend, and who by his induſtrious care,
Like ſtratagems diſpatch the ſharpeſt war.

Ode V.

To Augustus.

That he would at last returne into the City.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ.

THou best preserver of the *Romane* State,
Sprung from the Gods, why staiest thou so late?
As thou mad'st promise to the reverend traine
Of sacred Senatours returne againe,
Like a good Patriot be thy Countries light,
For as the spring-tide when thy face shines bright.
Eeach day more joyfull will to men appear,
And the warme Sun with raies will shine more clear.
And as a mother to her son that's kind,
Perceiving him detain'd by a crosse wind
Beyond the Seas, ling'ring a longer space.
Then formerly from home his well lik'd place:
With all her votes and prayers loud doth call,
Nor from the shoare diverts her face at all:
So doth thy Country struck with just desire,
Good *Cæsars* Royall presence oft require.
For then the Ox walkes safe throughout the field,
With happinesse *Ceres* doth plenty yeild:
Through quiet Seas the Sailers swiftly flie,
He shuns all blame that keeps fidelity.
No house of vile pollutions now complaines,
Custome and lawes have purg'd out these foule staines.
Children resembling parents we commend,
Punishment at sins heels doth close attend:
Who doth the *Parthians* or cold *Sythians* fear,
Or the fell brood that *Germany* doth bear.
Now *Cæsar* being safe, who needs regard,
T' ingage in war 'gainst the fierce *Spaniard*.
Each man the day in husbandry doth spend,
And to the widdow-trees doth vines close bend:

Their

This done, he first cheers up himself with wine,
Next upon thee, a service more divine;
Of better meats, with prayers he will bestow,
Which sacrifices in full cups shall flow:
And as *Greece Caster*, and *Alcides* great,
Joyne with their Gods, so thee they'l ne're forget:
Allow good *Cæsar* lasting holi daies,
On *Italy* to celebrate thy praise;
Wee'l chant it early, 'fore we drinke or eat,
Wee'l chant it full of wine when Sun is set.

Ode VI.

A Secular verse to *Apollo* and *Diana*.

To Sir Buts Bacon.

Dive, quem proles Niobæa magna.

Apollo, thou whom *Niobes* faire race,
Felt a revenger of her tongues disgrace:
And lustfull *Tytius* and *Achilles* great,
Who almost all alone did *Troy* defeat:
Excelling most, yet not compar'd to thee,
Though he the Son of watry *Thitis* be:
And with his dreadfull spear could often make,
The lofty Towers of *Dardonus* to shake:
He like a Pine, induring many a stroke
Of the sharp Ax, or Cypresse tree that's broke
With Esterne winds, fell with a mighty sound,
Laid down his neck, and di'd on *Trojane* ground.
Nor in the *Trojane* horse was hid for fear,
Or like a Carpet Knight himself did bear;
Whereby he might great *Priams* state o'rethrow,
But he in open wars himself did show:
Where Souldier-like (ah 'tis a sin alas!)
With fire and sword, he through his sons did passe;
Burning with flames, infants, and did entombe,
Children unborn, hid in their mothers wombe:

Had not by thine and *Venus* prayers *Jove* won,
Unto *Æneas* labours favour ſhown:
With ſuch ſucceſſe *Romes* wals had not been made,
But like a plow'd field ſtil had levell laid.
Thou ſmooth fac'd *Phœbus*, who the muſick choice,
Doth teach *Thalia*, both of Harpe and voice:
Defend the honour of the *Latian* Muſe,
And of ſweet Lyrick ſtraines teach her the uſe.
Phœbus to me had given a Poets name,
The ſpirit and true Art a verſe to frame.
You noble virgins, and young boyes whoſe race,
From famous Parents ſprung, doth give you grace.
Who from *Diana* Doe protection find,
Whoſe bow doth ſtrike the Lynx and nimble Hind:
Now to my Saphicks do due honours give,
And let the fame of my Harpes ſweetneſſe live;
So with all rights ſing of *Latonas* ſon,
And ſing with rights of the bright ſhining Moon:
Whoſe light encreaſing, proves to fruits a friend,
And with ſwift motions, drives the months t'an end.
Thou afterwards a married wife ſhalt ſay,
In th' hundred year the feaſtivall known day:
I to the Gods a pleaſing ſong recited,
Who in in ſweet ſtraines of *Horace* much delighted.

Ode VII.

To Lu: Manlius Troquatus.

To Sir Iſaac Aſtley.

That time conſumes all things, therefore to live merrily.

Deffugere nives: redeunt jam gramina campis.

THe ſnowes diſſolv'd; now herbs in fields are ſeen,
And leaves on trees grow green.
The earth doth change her courſe, and rivers low,
Do not their banks o're flow.

Graces

Graces with Nymphs do challenge one other,
And naked dance together.
And leſt thou hop'ſt for immortality,
The year ſwift houres deny.
Winter ſhuns *Zephire*; ſummer the ſpring flies
And both together dies.
Apple-crown'd Autumn ſheds his fruits & then
Dull winter turnes againe.
The ſwifter * Moons repaire their loſs of light,
But when with us 'tis night,
Æneas, *Tullus*, *Ancus*-like we fare,
We duſt and ſhadowes are:
And who doth know the Gods to us will give
To morrow for to live?
But when th' art dead, and *Minos* hath at laſt,
On thee his juſt dooms paſt;
Torquatus not thy ſtock, thy goodneſs, elo-
Shall ever get thee thence. (quence,
Nor yet *Diana* could the chaſt *Hippolitus*,
From pale-*Stix* ſend to us.
Nor from || *Peritböus* cold *Theſeus* break hels
Nor bring him back againe. (chain,

* *Soles occidere & redire poſſunt, Nobis, cum ſemel occidit brevis lux, Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda. Catull:* || *Sedet æternumque ſedebit Infelix Theſius Virgil.*

Ode VIII.

To Martius Cenſorinus.

There is nothing that can make the memory of men longer to remaine than the powerfull verſes of Poets.

To John Coke Eſquire.

Donarem pateras grataque commodus.

O *Cenſorinus!* had I where with all
I'ld to my friends be beneficial:
I'ld give large bowles like thoſe in Sacrifice,
Statues and Tables after Greekiſh guize:

Rewards for Victors, nor ſhould'ſt thou have leſſe,
Were Linrich'd with Arts, my love expreſſe:
Parrhaſius-like, *Scopas* who ſet forth
This Statues, th'other pictures of great worth.
Which skilfull he of Gods and Men could make,
But none of theſe things I dare undertake:
Nor ſtands thy ſtate or mind in need of theſe,
Quaint delicates, verſes do beſt thee pleaſe:
Which I to thee of ſuch high price can give,
As for their matchleſſe value ſhall out-live
All marble Tombes, on which each Captaines name
Lives after death, as monuments of fame.
Not *Hanibals* ſwift flight from *Italy*,
Nor faithleſſe *Carthage* which in duſt doth lie,
By him who gain'd the name of *African*,
Can ſound the praiſe as Muſe *Calabrian*.
Great *Romulus* had gain'd ſmall dignity,
Withſtood by envies taciturnity.
For what rewards can worthy deeds atchive,
If ſilence of due merites them deprive.
Vertue and favour, with the Poets tongue,
Brought *Eacus* from the rude *Stygian* throng.
And in th' *Elyſian* fields a place doth give,
Where he by power of Poetry doth live.
Men worthy praiſe, the Muſe forbids to die.
And from all dangers placeth them on high.
Swift *Hercules*, doth of *Joves* dainties taſte,
Caſtor and *Pollux* 'mongſt the Gods are plac'd.
Reſcuing Ships from wrack, *Bacchus* his head,
With freſh Vine wreaths about is compaſſed,
Who ſav'd to, doth things to good iſſue bring,
According to our wiſh, as Poets ſing.

ODE.

Ode IX.

To Lollius.

That his writings ſhall not decay, and that vertue without the help of Poeſie will be buried up in oblivion, that he will ſing the praiſes of *Lollius*, and celebrate his vertues.

To Sir Edward Wrightington.

Ne fortè credas interitura quæ

THinke not, borne near lov'd *Auſidus* that I,
Sound forth thoſe words which with a breath
I that was firſt of Latine Lyricks found, (ſhould die.
Who with new arts tun'd to the Harps ſweet ſound:
Nor though *Mæonian Homer* hath firſt place,
Muſt *Pindarus* and *Alcæus* have no grace?
But grave *Steſichorus*, and *Anacreon* jarre,
This writing love ſongs, th' other of fierce warre:
Yet time waſts neither, love growes freſh againe,
And the ſoft fires of *Sappho* do remaine:
Nor *Helen* only was with love intangled
With *Paris* locks, and robes with gold beſpangled:
Nor was it *Tucer* who the firſt bow drew,
Nor was *Troies* fiedge unto the *Trojanes* new:
Nor *Sthene ſus* with *Idomeus* did make
The former wars, whereof the Muſes ſpake:
Nor *Hector*, nor *Deiphobus* they were,
Who firſt had wounds for wives and children dear.
But ſome there were fore *Agamemnon* known,
Yea, very many courage to have ſhown:
Yet theſe were cover'd with oblivion deep,
For want of Poets their records to keep.
When vertue hath not its true praiſe confer'd,
It differs not from ſlothfulneſſe interr'd.
But my verſe *Lollius*, will not ſuffer thee,
Nor thy great actions ſilenced to be:
When thy deep wiſdome by experience gain'd,
In good and bad times, ſhewes a life unſtain'd.

A ſtrict revenger of baſe averice,
Contemning gold which doth moſt men entice.
Nor art thou only Conſull for one year
But while thou doſt a mind to juſtice bear,
Preferring what is honeſt before gaine,
And with an upright look doſt bribes diſdaine.
Of gilty perſons, and through thronging ſwarmes,
Goeſt Conquerour with innocence for armes.
Cal'd him not happy who hath much poſſeſt,
But he more truly holds the name of bleſt.
Who wiſely knowes gifts of the Gods to uſe,
Nor in diſtreſſe will poverty refuſe.
Who prizing vertue, fears much leſſe to die,
Then to engage in any villany :
But for his Country and endeared friend,
His deareſt bloud undantedly expends.

Ode X.

To Ligurinus a beautifull boy.

He doth ſay that *Lygurinus* would repent himſelf of his arrogance towards his lovers, when the flower of his youth ſhall once decay.

O crudelis adhuc, & Veneris muneribus potens.

POwerfull with *Venus* gifts, O cruell yet :
When th' unwiſh't down ſhall on thy face be ſet :
And when thy locks thick on thy ſhoulders ſpreads,
For want of moiſture ſhall themſelves down ſhed :
And now the colour, then the Roſe more faire,
Upon thy face ſhall turne to briſtled haire.
So oft as in the glaſſe thou ſhalt eſpie
Thy ſelf transform'd, alas ! thou thus wilt cray;
Would I had known, being young, what now of late
Is chanc'd to me, by my decay'd eſtate,

Or

Or why ſhould not my cheeks grow freſh againe ?
When in my mind ſuch vigour doth remaine..

Ode XI.

To Phillis.

To *Phillis*, of the birth day of *Mæcenas*, whom he doth invite to a banquet.

Eſt mihi nonum ſuperantis annum.

A Veſſell of mild *Albane* wine I have,
Which for my *Phillis* I did nine years ſave,
And in my garden *Apium*, Ivie ſtore
Crown'd on my haire, will cauſe thee to ſhine more ;
My houſe with ſilver gliſters every where ;
And on my Altar chaſte herbes do appear,
Each hand deſires, and haſtens to obtaine,
For to be ſprinkled with a Lambe new ſlaine:
Young men and maidens round about do flie,
Some this way go, and others that way high,
The rouling flames do tremble, and ſend up
Black ſmoak, which ſoon doth mount unto the top,
That thou maiſt know what feaſt now cals thee out ;
The Ides of April now are come about ;
Which day divides the moneths in two parts even,
And is to *Venus* the Sea-Goddeſſe given ;
A ſolemn day by right, and with more mirth
I ſhall obſerve, then that my day of birth :
For my *Mæcenas* from this day accounts,
How many following years his age ſurmounts.
Young *Telephus*, whom thou ſo much doſt love,
Another rich and pleaſant Dame doth move ;
(None of thy ſort) but with a willing chaine
She holds him bound, and with her to remaine.
Burnt *Phaeton*, our greedy hopes may fright,
Wing'd *Peggaſus* affordeth to our ſight

And

A ſad example, who could not abide,
Beleropßon upon his back to ride.
Worthy thy ſelf, one alwayes ſeek to win,
And to hope further, take it for a ſin;
Shun the unequall, love me once againe,
And thou the end of my love ſhalt remaine.
(I will no other Miſtreſſe henceforth love)
Learn tunes, and to my Harp thy ſoft voice move,
Which with ſweet warbling, ſhall our ears delight,
And leſſen ſad cares, which would drowne us quite.

Ode XII.

To Virgil.

He doth deſcribe the comming of the Spring, and invites *Virgil* to a banquet upon condition.

To Nicholas Bacon Eſquire.

Jam veris Comites, quæ mare temperant.

THe Springs companions, which the Seas do ſtill,
The *Thraſian* winds now thy ſailes full do fill;
Now Medows freeze not, nor with winters ſnow,
The Rivers ſwell'd, do rore or over-flow.

Unhappy *Progne*, now her neſt doth build,
And weeping groanes, for *Itis* whom ſhe kill'd;
The defam'd houſe of *Cecrops*, which ſtill brings
Monſtrous revenge, on barbarous luſts of Kings.

The Sheapheards who feed flocks in tender graſſe,
Tuning their ſongs to ſweet pipes, their time paſſe,
Delighting *Pan*, whom ſheep and the black hils,
Of ſweet *Arcbadia* with contentment fils.

Theſe times O *Virgil!* to mirth do invite,
But *Calene*-wine to drinke if thou delight,
Of noble Lords, if thou companion art,
Thou for thy Nard of my wines ſhalt take part.

Thy

Thy little Onix ſhall draw out my But,
That in *Sulpitius* ſtorehouſe cloſe were ſhut;
Which being large, new hopes to us will give,
And powerfull from our hearts vile cares to drive.
Unto which pleaſures if thou doſt make haſte,
Come quickly with thy ware; but thee to taſte
Of my cups, without gifts I will not uſe,
As the rich man, whoſe houſe doth none refuſe.
Put by delaies, and ſtudies of baſe gaine,
Let thoughts of death ſuch ſordid thoughts reſtraine;
Let ſome ſhort follies, with ſad councell meet,
To play the foole at ſometimes it is ſweet.

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.

Ode XIII.

To Lyce an old Curtiſan.

He doth rejoyce that he hath injoyed his deſires, to ſee her grown old.

Audivere Lyce dii mea vota dii.

THe Gods, the Gods O *Lyce!* heard my prayer,
Thou art made old, and yet thou wouldſt ſeem fair,
And doſt both play and drink moſt impudent,
And being drunk, love which to thee is ſpent
With warbling voice, ſtriv'ſt to recall againe:
He in young *Chias* faire cheeks doth remaine.
Who learned is, and ſings melodiouſly,
For love importun'd, from ſear'd Okes doth flie,
But thee he ſhuns, becauſe thy teeth black are,
Wrinkles with gray haires make thee foul appear.
Nor *Choüs* purple, nor rich Jewels ſhall,
Thoſe times of thine fled back, to thee recall,
Which once ſwift days with publick marks hath ſeal'd,
And buried up never to be reveal'ed:

Whe-

Whether alas is fled that in-bred grace?
Whether that motion? whether that bright face?
What haſt thou of that *Lyce* now to ſhow,
Whoſe breath as billows loves hot fire did'ſt blow?
What face next *Gynara* bleſt and ſo well known,
For lovely Arts hath made me not mine own?
But unto her, the Fates few years did give,
But will keep *Lyce* a Crowes life to live:
That youngmen once, which with thy love did burn,
Not without laughter great at thee may ſcorne,
To ſee thy beauties flame, which ſhin'd ſo bright,
Now waſted, and conſum'd to aſhes quite.

Ode XIV.

To Auguſtus.

That the Senate and people of *Rome*, could not give ſufficient honour to equall his vertues.

Quæ cura patrum, quæve Quiritium.

Auguſtus, what can all the Senats care,
Or *Romans* do monuments to prepare?
The honour of thy vertues to diſcry,
Through ſolemn feaſts even to eternity.
O greateſt Prince within our Hemiſphere,
Or other climes remote as well as near:
From whom the *Vandals* ignorant by fate,
Of *Romane* Laws have felt thy ſword of late.
So more then once the *Gaules* and *Germans* broke
By valiant *Druſus*, yeilded to the yoke:
For *Claudius* wholly left to him the care,
When he the *Rhetians* overcame in War.
For when like ruines ſlaughtered they did lie,
You might him glorious in the field eſpie,

Yet

Yet thoſe brave ſoules their liberiy to hold,
Deaths ugly ſhape they fearleſſe did behold.
And as South-winds their force doth exerciſe
On th'untam'd Seas, or *Piades* that riſe:
The cloudes do break, ſo he as ſwiftly goes
By fiery paſſage, through whole Troops of foes.
Or as the lowring *Auſidus* doth rore,
When it doth beat upon th' *Appulian* ſhore:
When it doth rage and ſeeme to threaten all
The proud fields, with a watry funerall.
So Armies great, *Tiberius* doth mow down,
And victor without bloud-ſhed wins the Crown.
For thou affording hands and counſell wiſe,
Th' auſpicious Gods did crown that enterprize;
For on that day of *Alexandrias* part,
Opened and yeilded up an empty Court.
At that ſame time by fortunes favour ſhown,
The *Vandals* were by *Druſus* overthrown:
The wars well clos'd then to thy Scepter ſure,
Fortunes gave praiſe, and honours to endure:
That *Spaniards*, *Indians*, *Medes* and *Scythians* cold,
Thee *Romes* defender all amaz'd behold:
So *Nilus*, who conceales his fountaines ſpring,
Iſter and *Tigris* of thy fame doe ring;
So doth the *Brittiſh* Ocean far remote.
Hear of thy fame, where monſters ſtrange do flote:
Alſo the *Gaules* who face death without fear,
And the *Iberians* of thy conqueſt hear:
And the *Sicambrians* who in death rejoyce,
Wars being ceas'd, they praiſe thee with full voice.

ODE.

ODE XV.

The praiſes of *Auguſtus*.

To Thomas Baker Eſquire.

Phœbus volentem prælia me loqui.

TO ſpeak of wars and Cities conquered,
In Lyrick verſe *Apollo* doth forbid,
Leaſt I ſhould venture in the *Tyrrhene* Maine
Such ſailes, as ſhould not bring me off againe.
Thy age O *Cæſar* ! on the fields did pore
Fruits in a bundance ; and it did reſtore
To *Jove* the Trophies, ſnacht from the proud poſts
Of *Parthians* loſt ; whereof they made thier boaſts.
And *Janus* Temple free from wars did cloſe,
And in right order all things did compoſe ;
And bridling up all wand'ring liberty,
From foule offences it hat ſeth us free ;
And did recall the vertues old, whereby
The *Romane* name and *Italy* grew high.
Majeſtick fame of Empire did extend,
To the Sun riſing from the Weſterne end.
Now *Cæſar* all things keeps no violence,
Nor civell wars can take our peace from hence :
Nor anger which our ſwords do oſten whet,
And Cities poor, at emnity doth ſet ;
Nor they which drink the deep *Danubius*,
The *Julian* lawes can break or take from us :
Nor *Getes*, nor *Seres*, nor *Parthians* late forſworne,
Nor they who neer the *Tanäis* floud are borne.
And we in th' Evening of the holy-daies.
Between our cups and banquets firſt give praiſe
Unto the Gods, and did of right belong,
With wives as children, here and there among,
And after our fore-fathers cuſtome give
Praiſes to them who vertuonſly did live,
And with ſongs mixt with *Lydian* pipes will ſing
Of *Troy*, *Achiſes*, *Venus* faire off-ſpring.

EPOD

EPOD. I.

To Mæcenas.

That *Horace* will go with *Mæcenas* to the *Actian* War, againſt *Marcus Antonius*.

Ibis Liburinis inter alta navium.

THou ſhalt *Mæcenas* in Ships ſmall and low
Againſt a towring fleet with *Cæſar* go,
Ready his dangers with thine own to bear,
For what's our life to us remaining here;
If thou be'ſt ſafe, 'tis ſweet, if death away
Doth take thee hence, 'tis death for us to ſtay.
Shall we commanded ſtay and take our eaſe?
Nor eaſe, nor verſe made without thee can pleaſe.
But cannot we theſe theſe thy engagements bear,
Like valient Souldiers that are void of fear:
Yes, we will do it, and with ſpirits bold,
Though o're th' high Alpes, or Cancaſus moſt cold,
We will thee follow, through the Weſterne Sea,
Where *Hercules* his Columns placed be.
But thou wilt aske what thy ſmall labour can
Helpe thee; a ſilly, weake, and helpleſſe man:
I ſhall leſſe fear when th' art before mine eyes,
But abſent, greater fears will me ſurprize.
Like as a bird her naked young doth fear,
More being left leſt Serpents ſhould draw near.
Thongh preſent ſhee to help them had no might,
So I in this, or any war will fight.
And for thy love my ſervice, wholly vow,
Not to procure more heyfers to my plough:

Nor that my heards there feed in dog-daies heat
Should change, and in *Lucania* ſeeke their meat,
Nor that my houſe which from that hill doth ſhine
With marble white, to *Circes* towers ſhould joyn.
'Tis above all thy bounty makes me rich,
I labour not of *Chremes* golden itch,
To ſearch for wealth and hide it in the groun l,
Nor *Nepos*-like wil wit and wealth confound.

EPOD. II.

To my Brother Sir Tirſtan Smith.

The praiſes of the Country life, adorned with the chief tranquility of all things under the perſon of *Alphius* an uſurer.

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.

HAppy is he who far from Cities toile
Like the worlds golden-Infancy,
With his own Oxen ploughs his fathers ſoile,
Free from all kind of uſury;
Nor Souldier-like is wak'd with fierce alarmes,
Nor trembleth at the raging Seas,
Avoiding ſtrifes forewarn'd by others harmes,
No mighty Lords doth care to pleaſe.
But either to the poplers tall doth wed
The branches of the wel grown vine;
And with his hook cutting down ſtalkes halfe dead
Happier ſprouts to it doth joyne;
Or in a winding valley doth behold
His wandring heards of Heyfers trip;
Or in pure veſſels honey powres like gold
Or tender Lambes ful near doth clip;
Or when with fragrant Apples Autumne rears
His comely head throughout the fields
How glad he plucks from trees his own ſet pears
And grapes with purple colour yeilds?
Wherewith *Priapus* and *Silvanus* love,
He doth requite both Countries friends.

Some-

Sometimes he reſts under the Tree of *Jove*
And ſometimes down ſoft graſſe he bends.
Mean while the waters from deep banks do ſlide;
The birds within the woods do mourne;
The fountaines their trickling ſtreames do chide,
All which to ſweeter ſleeps do turne.
But when ſad winter raines and ſnowes doth place
In *Autumnes* lap; Oh what a coile
With hornes and hounds the wild Boar for to chaſe,
And thruſt into the open Toile.
Or with ſmall forkes he bends his ſubtile nets,
For greedy Blackirds cloſely made;
The fearfull Hare, the Crane though ſtrange he gets
As ſweet rewards of ſuch a trade.
And who doth not fond cares which love doth breed,
Forget amongſt the harmeleſſe joyes?
But if the huſwife chaſte in part doth feed
Her houſe with all her lovely boyes;
(*Sabina*-like, or as the Sun-burnt Mate
Of toiling *Appulus*) doth build
A Sacred fire of long ſpar'd wood, when late
Her weary husband comes from field;
And cloſing in ſafe-folds her well pleaſ'd kine,
She milketh them with her own hands;
And from ſweet veſſels drawing forth new wine,
With unbought meats her table ſtands;
Not more thy palate *Lucrines* Oiſters pleaſe,
Nor Turbot, nor the guilt-head bright,
Which winters thunder turnes into our Seas
With Eaſterne waves ſo much delight;
The *Affrick*-hen doth not with ſweeter taſte
Go down, nor Godwit halfe ſo good
As the choiſe fruit which to fat boughes hang faſt
Of th' Olive Trees ſuch pleaſing food;
Or medowes loving-ſorrell, Mallowes bleſt
For bodies bound; or ſacred Lambe

To great God *Terminus* a yearly feaſt,
Or the Kid ſnatch'd by woolf from dam,
Between theſe banquets what delight he take
To ſee his full fed ſheep haſte home,
To ſee his Oxen tir'd till their necks ake
With plough turn'd up from worke to come;
His ſervants plac'd, his houſe a Bee-hive warme,
Where round about his houſhold gods they ſwarm,
When *Alphius* had all this ſtory told,
He ſtraight would be a Country Swaine,
Juſt in the Ides he cals in all his gold,
But the next Calends puts it out againe.

EPOD. III.

To Mæcenas.

He curſeth the Garlick he did eat, with the heat of which he was extreamly tormented.

To my Kinſman *Anthony Drury* Eſquire.

Parentis olim ſi quis impia manu.

HEnceforth who breaks the neck of his old Sire,
Worſer then Hemlock, Garlick be his hire
To eat. Oh hard guts of you reaping Swaine!
What poiſon's this that burnes within my veines?
Have hearbs deceiv'd me, boil'd in vipers bloud,
Or hath *Canidia* temper'd deadly food?
As once *Medea* above all the reſt
Of th' Argonauts, loving faire *Jaſon* beſt,
When he the unknown yoaks to the buls ſhould bind,
Within this ointment ſafely did him wind;
With garments dipt in this She *Glauce* ſlew,
And with wing'd Serpents drawne away Shee flew.
Nor any time the ſtars ſuch fire do ſet
On ſcorch't *Apulia*; as this doth beget,

The

The ſhirt upon the brawny ſhoulders worne
Of vaient *Hercules*, did not more burne,
If any time thou ſhalt ſuch venome ear,
Pleaſant *Mæcenas*, this thing I'le intreat
Thy Miſtreſſe may with hand thy kiſſe put by,
And on the out-ſide of the bead to lie.

Dura conditio.

EPOD. IV.

To *Vultejus Menas* the free-man of *Pompey* the great.

Lupis & agnis quanta obtigit.

TO wolves and lambs, no greater varience
Befals, then unto thee and me doth chance:
Thou that with Spaniſh ropes thy ſides did'ſt burn,
And with hard fetters had'ſt thy thighes out-worne.
Though proud with wealth thou walk'ſt and looks ſo ſtrange,
Fortune, thy ſtock or kindred doth not change:
Doſt thou not ſee when thou go'ſt up and down
The ſacred way, with ſix els in thy gown,
How from all ſuch as this way, that way paſt,
The moſt free ſcorne their faces on thee caſt?
Thus ſaying, he that bore the laſh with paine
Untill the Beedle cry'd (hold) with diſdaine,
Of *Falerne* ſoile, a thouſand acres eares,
And with his foot-cloth th' Appian way now wears:
In the firſt ſeat, a great Knight he doth ſit,
Nor yet for *Otbos*-Law doth care a whit.
What profits it, ſo many ſhips ſhould paſſe
Upon the Seas, with prowes of heavy braſſe,
Againſt baſe Pirates, and a ſervill hand,
When as this Tribune ſouldiers doth command?

The bitter ſcoffs of the vulgar, againſt the inſolency of up-ſtart ſlaves.

EPOD. V.

Upon *Canidia Sagana, Veia, Folia* bewitching and enterring a noble child.

To Sir Thomas Gaudy.

At O deorum quicquid in cælo regit.

But Oh what ever God in heaven beares ſway
To whom both Earth and all mankind obey,
What meanes this tumult? why with faces fierce
And cruell lookes you mee alone doe pierce?
I doe intreat thee by thy children deare,
If to * true births *Lucina* called were
By this vaine ornament of purple given,
By *Jupiter* that this forbids in heaven.
Why like a ſtep-dame doſt thou mee behold,
Or like a wounded beaſt in hot bloud rold?
As ſoone his trembling tongue ceaſ'd to complaine,
This child ſtood ſtill, his rich robes from him tane,
His tender body ſuch as it would make
The unſoft breaſt of *Thraſians* pittie take;
Canidia folding up her unkemb'd haire
Which one her head like vipers ſhort appear
She from the graves wild figtrees ſommond ſtrait
And Cypreſſe that one funeralls doth wait
And eggs dipt in the bloud of Toade moſt foule,
With fethers of the fatall ſcrithing Owle,
Herbes which *Joſchos* and *Iberia* ſent,
Fruitfull in poiſons, her experiment,
Bones for the mouths of hungry doggs are ſnatht
Which in the *Colchian* flames are to be partcht.
And *Sagana* with her clothes girt about,
Through the whole houſe Hels water ſprinkles out,
Like the Sea-Urchin horrible appeareth
With heire upright, or Boare that bruſtles beareth

* *Ironice.*

And

And *Veia* with no conſcience affraid;
With labour great, a ditch makes with hard ſpade,
And to that end the child now buried
With twice or thrice to him meate offered
In the long day this ſpectacle eſpies,
And by this meanes the longer e're hee dies;
And when hee ſhould be ſet up to the chin,
As boies ſtanding in the waters thin,
With's marrow ſuckt out, and his liver dried
In a love potion for to bee applied.
His eies now fixed on the meate forbid
His eie-balls therewith ſhould be withered,
Nor to be wanting to this villanie
Of *Maſculine* luſt vile *Folias* company,
A *Theſſalian* witch who with inchantments call
Can make both Starres and Moone from heaven to (fall.
Here with black-tooth cruell *Canidia* gnawes
Her uncut nailes, which one her fingers growes,
What ſaid? or unſaid is? O to my Arts
You Judges juſt that therein have your parts
Both night, and Moone, that ſilence doe command
When our nocturnall witch-crafts are in hand,
Now, now come forth; your power and anger, turne
Againſt my enimies houſe which me doth ſcorne,
Whilſt fearfull beaſts in forreſts cloſe doe keepe
And over wearied yeeld to ſweeter ſleepe,
The old Adulterer daub'd with ſpicknard ſweet
(At which all laughes) the ſuburb-doggs may greete,
Then which more perfect my hand ne'r did make.
How happens it? whence is't my poiſons take
Worſe then *Medeas*, when with once ſhee ſlew
That ſtrumpet proud, and thence revenged flew,
When *Creons* daughters coate with poiſons fum'd?
And thus with fire the new Bride was conſum'd?
There's neither hearbes, nor hid rootes but I know
Though on the tops of mountaines ſharp they grow,

Pe in anointed chambers ſleeps ſecure
Freed from my love, nor others will indure.
Alas, he walketh now at liberty.
With ſome more powerfull witches ſpels ſet free.
(O *Varus!* thou whoſe head muſt weep for paine)
With no old charmes ſhalt come to me againe;
Nor ever ſhalt to thy right mind returne,
With *Marſian* ſpels, when once my poyſons burne
A ſtronger cup, and which doth more containe,
I will prepare thee for thy foul diſdaine.
And Heaven ſhall firſt beneath the Seas down ſlide,
And th'Earth ſurmounting both, them cloſe ſhal hide,
Before thou ſhalt not flame with ſuch deſire
Of me, as Bitumen doth in black fire.
This ſaid, the childe not now as once before
With gentle words theſe Haggs doth ſtill implore,
But doubtfull whence his ſilence he ſhould break,
He in *Thieſtes* prayers thus did'it ſpeak.
Poiſons, great right or wrong have no ſuch force
Of humane life to change the fatal courſe,
With Furies I will chace you round about;
My deadly curſe no off'ring ſhall blot out.
But when that I commanded am to die,
A mid-night fury I will on you flie;
And I a Ghoſt with cooked nailes will rend
Your faces; (of dead ſouls the fierceſt feind)
And to your reſtleſſe heart-ſtrings ſet ſo near,
Taking your ſleeps from you with horrid fear.
Whole villages ſhall with ſtones round about
You, obſcene Baldneſſe every where drive out.
And laſtly, your unburied members torne
By woolves and vultures, piece-meale ſhall be borne;
Nor ſhall this ſpectacle eſcape the ſight,
Of my left Parents, but ſhall them delight.

EPOD

EPOD. VI.

To Caſſius Severus a fooliſh barking Poet.

Quid immerentes hoſpites vexas canis.

O Harmleſſe Gueſt! why doſt thou dog-like flie,
And ſluggiſh art, when thou doſt wolves eſpy?
Turne this way if thou canſt thy threatning vaine,
And barke at me, that I may bite againe?
For Maſtive-like, or yellow dog of Greece,
The guard of flocks the ſheepheards maſter-piece,
With liſtning, e're I'le drive through the deep ſnow,
What beaſt ſoever ſhall before me go.
When thou the woods with fearfull noiſe haſt fill'd,
Smelling a bone caſt out, thy tongue is fiill'd.
Beware, beware; my hornes I ſharp'ned have,
And lifted up 'gainſt thoſe that us deprave;
Like to *Lycambes* * ſcorned-ſon-in-law,
Or that ‖ fel-foe, who *Bupalus* did flaw.
If any black-mouth'd cur on me ſhall flie,
What ſhall I boy-like, unrevenged crie?

* *Archilochus.* ‖ *Hipponax.*

EPOD. VII.

To the People of Rome.

An execration of the civill war on the one ſide waged by *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, on the other by *Octavian M. Antonius* and *Marcus Lepidus Cons.*

To Sir Edward Duke.

Quò quò ſcelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris.

WHether you wicked do you ruſh about?
Or why with ſharp ſwords in your hands (drawn out?
Is it a little that on every hand
Of *Latian* bloud is ſhed by Sea and land?

'Tis

'Tis better farre that *Rome* her force ſhould turne
'Gainſt envious *Carthage* and her proud Towers burne;
Or th' untam'd * *Britaines* ſhould deſcend at laſt
A long the ſacred ſtreets with chaines made faſt,
Then as the *Parthians* wiſht the caſe may ſtand
This Citie periſh ſhould by her one hand.
Neither amongſt woolves nor Lions you ſhall finde
This coſtome, but in beaſts of differing kinde.
Doth fury blinde or fatall force us take?
Or elſe our own foule faults? ſone anſwer make
They ſilent are, paleneſſe the face infects.
And guilty of conſcience now their minds directs.
'Tis true the cruell Fates doe *Rome* purſue
Which brothers ſlaughter doth afreſh renew;
The bloud of harmleſſe *Rhemus* to this Land
And to poſteritie a curſe ſhall ſtand.

* *Intacti, ex hoc verbo inter noſtros queſtio eſt; utrum iſtis tempor*: Rom: *ſubditi fuerant.* The *Romans* did glory much when they had a *Brittiſh* King to lead in triumph, as appears by *Iuvinall. Ingens omen habes magni clarique triumphi Regem aliquem capies, aut detemone Britanno excidit Arviragus.*

EPOD. VIII.

Upon a filthy Beldame.

Rogare longo putidam te ſeculo.

WIthered with age art not aſham'd to ſpeak,
And oft demand why I am growne ſo weake.
When your teeth are black and upon thy brow
Time hath made wrinkles as drawne by the plough.
And thy * Tout gapes betweene two haunches drie
As doth a Steeres from whence crude dung doth flie.
Can your lancke duggs like thoſe of Mares me move
And putrid teats to runne mad for thy love?

* *Vide Chaucer.*

So

So your rough belly joyned to thighes ſmall
With ſwelling leggs diſheartens moſt of all
Yet be thou noble, and let thy hearſe ſhine (thine.
With thoſe bright Enſignes which thy birth claimes
But let no honoured Matrones thee befriend
With their rich jewells thy corps to attend.
What though abroad like Stoicks they bookes uſe
If they at home for pillowes them abuſe.
Or are th' unlearned ſort leſſe vitious known
Or doe their uſeleſſe weapon hang right downe.
But if it doth provoke thee with diſdaine,
Thou muſt incitements uſe with greater paine,

EPOD IX.

To Mæcenas.

He preſenteth unto him the delight which he received of the victory that *Auguſtus* had againſt *Antonius* and *Cleopatra*.

To Sir Miles Hobert.

Quando repoſtum cæcubum ad feſtas dapes.

HAppy *Mæcenas* when at home ſhall I
Drinke with thee joy'd for *Cæſars* victory,
(So pleaſ'd great *Jove*) *Cæcubian* winds long ſpar'd
Which only were for feſtivalls prepar'd.
With verſes mixt to th' pipes and harps ſweet ſound
By Doricks this th' other by *Lydians* found.
As late I did when that fain'd *Neptunes* ſonne
Was put to flight and with's burnt fleet undone
Who threatned *Rome* in chaines his ſlaves to make
Which hee from perjur'd ſervants kinde did take
Alas your off-ſpring will forſweare, deny,
That *Cleopatra* enthral'd *Anthony*,
Who for her rugged *Eunuches* trenches made
And other gaurds that none might them invade,
For 'mongſt his warlike Enſignes Sol did ſpie
A womaniſh unſeemly Canopy

'Gainſt

'Gainſt whom the *Gaules* turn'd, crying *Cæſar* King,
And to his aide two thouſand horſe did bring;
And th' others ſhips lurk'd in the Port from ſight,
Ready t'ward *Alexandria* to take flight.
Ho! triumph thou thy Chariots doth ſtay
O're-laid with gold, nor doſt thou heyfers ſlay,
Ho triumph! ſuch as *Marius* could not have,
When he in war *Jugartha* did enſlave.
Nor *Sipio*, when he 'gainſt *Carthage* went,
T' whom vertue built a laſting monument.
By Land and Sea th' enemy vanquiſhed,
Chang'd purple into black, and mourning fled,
Either to famous hunrded Citied *Crete*,
With winds which croſſe him in the face did meet.
Or to the Syrtes with South-winds raiſed high,
Or through uncertaine Seas his Barke doth fly.
Bring me my boy, large cups of *Chian* Wine,
Or *Lesbian* briske, wherewith I may propine.
Or of *Cæcubian*, let me have due meaſure,
Which checks the ſtomacks nauſiating diſpleaſure.
It glads with wine, to looſen feares and cares,
Caus'd by th' unknown events of *Cæſars* wars.

EPOD. X.

Vpon *Mævius* the Poet, to whom he doth wiſh ſhip-wrack.

To Sir John Pettus.

Mala ſoluta navis exit alite.

INo good fortune for that ſhip implore,
Which beareth ſtinking *Mævius* from the ſhore;
Remember *Auſter* that with flouds full great
Thou both ſides of the ſhip, doſt often beat;

Medacribus eſſe Poetis non homines non Dii non oonceſſere columnæ.

And

And let black *Eurus* in Seas running high,
Break oares and cables, and make all to flie.
As high as Mountaines let the North wind rear,
And tlie ſhak'd-Okes in pieces for to tear.
No friendly ſtar appear in that darke night,
When ſad *Orion* fals and gives no light.
Nor with a calmer Sea let him be borne,
Then *Grecians* conquering hand in ſunder torne;
When *Pallas* from burnt *Troy* her anger turnes,
And *Aajax* impious ſhip with lightning burnes:
Oh! what great toile thy Marriners do bear?
What filthy paleneſſe in thy cheeks appear?
And no mans * cry, nor prayers do ſend up
To *Jove*, who doth his ears againſt thee ſtop?
When that the lowing *Adrian*-gulph ſhall break
Thy Ship in pieces, and ſhalt make her leak.
But if thou ſtretc'd upon the ſhoares ſhalt lie
A fatted bait, and feed the Guls that flie;
A luſtfull Goat for thee I'le Sacrifice,
And a black Lamb, to tempeſts when they riſe.

* *Sed fœminea ejulatioh.*

EPOD. XI.

To Pettius his companion.

That he being overcome with the love of *Lyciſca*, could not imploy his time about verſes.

Petti, nihil me, ſicut antea, juvat.

O *Pettius*! now no pleaſure I do take
As I was wont, ſweet verſes for to make.
For being ſtruken with a grievous love,
Such as doth me far more then others move.
Whether to this, or that Laſſe firſt to cleave,
For ſince my dear *Inachia* I did leave;

The

The third December is now gone and paſt
Which hath of leaves both Trees and Woods defac't.
Alas, it ſhames that my miſchance ſhould make
The Citie whole to prate till their tongues ake.
For I hate banquets when ſighes from my breaſt,
So ſilence, paleneſſe ſhew how loves infeſt,
But againſt lucre the wealth of the minde
For poore men ſent with her no place can finde.
Thus I complaining oft to thee have told,
But when that wine my ſecrets doth unfold;
And though my heart-ſtrings anger boileth large,
Theſe hatefull foments let the winds diſcharge.
Then quickly laying modeſtie aſide,
With my ſuperiours I with pleaſure ride.
When I to thee theſe bouldly did declare
Thou doſt command that I ſhould home repaire,
And ſo I did, but with unconſtant foot
When as the threſhold I my ſelfe had put.
A place alas! where I did long abide
Though with the danger of my loines and ſide.
But now *Lyciſcas* love me faſt doth chaine
Who for delights all others doth diſdaine.'
From whom no counſells given can e're untie
Nor threats of any from her make me flie,
But the love of ſome other pleaſent Dame
With lock unti'd may mee afreſh enflame,

EPOD XII.

Upon an unſatiable old Trot, who did often ſollicite him.

Quid tibi vis mulier nigris digniſſima barris?

WOrthy of greateſt Elephants old friend
Why doſt thou letters and rich preſents ſend
To mee, though weake yet of a ſent moſt pure,
And one that cannot thy rancke ſtench endure.

For

For I'le find ſooner where thy diſeaſe lie,
Then the ſharp noſed dog the Boare in's ſtie
What ſweats and ſmels to her weak members are,
When for a ſhadow her heat doth prepare,
With which to quench the rage of her deſire,
Her too much haſte doth ſet her all on fire:
For on her face no compounds white or red,
Of Crocodiles dung, will ſtay though deeply ſpread,
When ſhe with working for to conquer all,
Doth make the houſe and all that's in't to fall.
Them with ſharp taunts my loathings ſhe doth chide,
Better then me *Inachia* thou'lt abide;
For thrice a night *Inachia* cal's thee kind,
But once with me to jeſt thou haſt no mind:
Miſchief take *Lesbia* when I wiſh'd a Lad,
Luſtie and blithe ſhe brought thee dull and ſad.
But once from *Cöus* one *Amintas* known,
Who for a launce-ſtaffe was of great renown;
The largeneſſe of it meaſured by the wand,
Was like a pole which on a hill doth ſtand.
For whom are theſe rich purple robes, and rare
For thee, leſt any may with me compare.
But above all unhappy ſure am I
From whom with terrour thou away doſt fly,
For as mild Lambes from cruell wolves do run,
And Kids from Lions, ſo thou me doſt ſhun.

EPOD XIII.

To his pleaſant friends, that they would paſſe away the winter merily.

{To Rober Brook and Robert Naunton} Eſquires.

Horrida tempeſtas cælum contraxit & imbres.

A Boiſtrous ſtorm hath clouds together driven,
Both rains & ſnows have brought *Jove* down from (heaven.

Now

Now Seas & woods doth with the North-wind play,
Let's take (my friends) th' occaſion of the day;
Whilſt ſtrength doth laſt, and youth doth ſtill appear,
Let not old age with rugged brow come near.
Wines which were made when *Manlius* Conſul was,
My boy bring out, all other things let paſſe;
With bitter change, perhaps God will reſtore,
To the right courſe, ſuch things as were before.
And now with *Perſian* Spicknard it doth pleaſe,
And ſweet *Syllenian* harpe our breaſts to eaſe
From griefs, as once the noble * Centaure ſung
To his great pupill, who from ‖ *Thetis* ſprung;
O thou unconquered mortall of Gods race!
† *Aſſarick*-Land for thee doth hold a place,
Which ſmall *Scamanders* colder ſtreames divids,
And *Simöis* which from Mount *Ida* ſlides.
From whence the Fates have cut off all returne,
Nor ſhall thy mother keep thee from deaths urne;
But there all deform'd ſorrows ſeek to eaſe
With wine, mirth, muſick, which the heart doth pleaſe.

* *Chiron.* ‖ *Achilles.* † *Troy.*

EPOD. XIV.

To Mecenas.

That he being detained with the love of *Phrine*, he could not finiſh the promiſed *Jambicks*.

To William Gaudy Eſquire.

Mollis inertia cur tantum diffuderit imis
Oblivionem ſenſibus.

CAndid *Mæcenas* thou ſeem'ſt oft to kill,
In asking me how ſloth my ſenſes fill,
With ſuch oblivion, as if with throat dry,
Drinking of *Lethe*, I with ſleep ſhould die:

It's *Cupid*, *Cupid*, that hath me miſled.
That my Jambicks are not finiſhed,
No otherwiſe *Anacreon* in deſire
Did with *Bathaillus* burn as hot as fire;
Who oft with hollow Lute and with great eaſe,
His love lamented which him much did pleaſe.
Thou alſo wretched lov'ſt but if that Dame
Was not more bright then thine which made *Troy* flame,
Content thee with thy lot exceeding me
Who with my *Phryne* vext, content muſt be,
Whom though I freed from ſlaveries unknown,
Yet ſhe will ſerve more Maſters then her own.

EPOD XV.

To his friend *Neæra*, of whoſe perjury he complaineth.

Nox erat, & cælo fulgebat Luna ſereno.

TWas late, and in heaven clear, the Moon did ſhine full bright,
Mongſt ſtars of leſſer light,
When thou about to wrong the greateſt powers divine
Swor'ſt in theſe words of mine,
More then with Ivie faſt the taller oak is twind,
With gentle armes did'ſt wind;
Whilſt Woolf to Lamb to Mariners *Orion* fatal prove;
And winters Seas ſhould move,
Or that *Apollos* unſhorn locks the wanton aire ſhould have
Our matuall love ſhould cleave.
O thou *Naæra* ſhalt my vertue much bewaile,
Or *Flaccus* man-hood faile,
Nor mightly will indure his rivall in his bed
But wrong'd a truer wed.
Nor to a face once falſe his conſtancy will yeild,
If grief his heart hath fill'd.

But thou who happier art, and proudly now doſt goe
Inſulting in my woe, (fold,
Though rich thou art in lands, and many flocks doſt
Paſtolus brings the gold:
Beware of the vaine dreames of new *Pythagoras*,
Though ‖ *Nireus* thou doſt gaſſe,
Alas, to others given her loves, thou wilt complaine,
Then ſhall I laugh againe.

‖ A *Grecian* Boy who was very faire.

EPOD. XVI.

To the People of Rome.

A Commiſeration of the Common-wealth, by reaſon of civil wars.

To my Brother Ralph Goodwin Eſquire.

Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas.

WIth Civill wars another age lies waſte,
And *Rome* with her own weight to fall doth haſte;
Whom bordering *Marſi* never could deſtroy,
Nor threatning hand of *Porſenay* annoy,
Nor envious *Capua*, nor *Spartacus* fierce ire,
Nor faithleſſe *Allobrox* with new device could tire,
Nor cruel *Germans* grey-ey'd youth coult tame;
Nor of our Parents, *Hanibals* abhorr'd name;
But we our City ſpoile with bloudy hands;
To Savage Beaſts againe we leave our lands.
The barbarous victor, in duſt beats us down, (town,
With ſounding hoof the horſe-men treads our
Great *Romulus* bones to winds and Sun's unknown;
By th'inſolent Souldier here and there are thrown.
Perhaps you wiſer ſort do plainely ſee,
How from theſe dangers you your ſelves may free.
No better Counſell then the *Phocæans* us'd,
When they their curſed Country ſoon refus'd
Their fields, their houſhold goods, their Temples left
To Boars and ravenous Wolves, of Men bereft;

Let's

Let's go by Land, or whereſoe're by Seas
West-wind, or forward South to call do pleaſe.
Is't good? or who ſpeaks better? make no ſtay,
Hoiſt ſailes with proſperous winds and haſt away?
But firſt let's ſwear; when rocks to float begin,
Within their channels, to come back's no ſin;
Nor let it grieve to turne ſailes home when *Poe*,
Doth over tops of *Matines* mountaine flow;
Or into Sea high *Aappenine* ſhall turne, (burne;
Or when ſtrange love with monſtrous luſt ſhall
When Tigers ſhall delight with Harts to Mate,
Or Doves with Puttocks ſhall adulterate;
When fearfull flocks from Lions ſhall not move,
And the ſmooth Goat to bath in Seas ſhall love.
Theſe things cut off ſweet hopes of turning back,
Let us go all, a wretched Cities wrack;
Or the beſt part of this unskilfsll drove,
Let ſoft and helpleſſe-ſwaines theſe baſe dens love.
But you that conſtant are ſhun womens teares,
And cut the *Tuſcan*-Seas void of all feares.
Th' Ocean is wide; let us ſeek bleſſed fields;
And Ilands which to us all plenty yeilds;
Where *Ceres* yearly growes without the plough,
Where th' uncut vines flouriſh with grapes enough;
Where Olive branches bud and never faile,
And the ripe figges in their own ſtock prevaile;
Where honey drops from hollow trees; where ſprings
From mountaines ſlide in gentle murmurings.
The Goates of their own will, to milking come;
The friendly Heard brings always ful duggs home;
No Bear in th' evening compaſſeth our fold;
Nor the high graſſe doth ſwelling vipers hold;
More wonders we ſhall ſee, for no great ſhowers
From watery Eaſt, ſhall ſhave our fields or bowers;
Nor fat ſeed ſhall be burnt in parched clods,
Winter and Summer are rul'd by the Gods.

No Argonant with his Sea-ploughing-Pine,
Nor * *Colchos*-witch with charmes ſhall here com-
Lidonians ſhall not hither bend their courſe, (bine;
Ulyces Cohorts ſhall not us inforce,
No murraine ſhall our cattle touch, no power
Of *Sirian* ſtar ſhall parch our flocks one hour.
Jove ſever'd hath theſe ſhoares to Nations ſtrange,
When he for braſſe the golden age did change;
From braſſe, to Iron, which to th' juſt did bring
A happy flight; the like to you I ſing.

* *Medea.*

EPOD XVII.

To Canidia.

He doth deſire her that ſhe would pardon him, with whoſe inchantments he doth faine himſelf to be overcome.

Jam jam efficaci do manus ſcientiæ.

NOw to thy powerfull Art I yeild my hands,
And doe intreat by *Proſerpines* commands,
And by the bookes of charmes that ſoone can call,
The ſtarres from heaven upon the earth to fall;
Thy curſed ſpells *Canidia* ſpare at laſt,
And backward turne thy wheele that runs ſo faſt:
Proud *Telephus* did move *Achilles* ſtout
'Gainſt whom the *Miſian* troopes hee had led out,
And againſt whom hee weapons ſharpe had driven,
And *Hector* ſlaine to beaſts and birds hath given,
And unto doggs this cruell homicide
Was by the *Trojane Matrons* buried;
After King *Priamus* had left the walls
Alas, at proud *Achilles* feet hee falls,
The bruſtlie members which in hard skins cleave,
Circe being pleas'd, *Ulysses* ſtout mates leave,
Then their firſt minde, and ſound that was their own
And th' ancient beautie of their faces known,

More

More and above thy puniſhment I finde,
So whom Sea-men and Factors be ſo kinde,
My beautie fadeth and my colour red;
Leaveth my bones in a skin wethered;
With thy perfumes my * haires are ſoone made white
And me from paine no time can reſcue quite;
The night the day, the day the nights diſpleaſe;
Nor with one breath my heart-ſtrings can take eaſe.
Therefore now overcome I doe beleeve
What I denied and wretched made thus grive;
Sabellian Charmes can alienate the breſt
And with ſad Marſian ſongs the head infeſt.
What wouldſt thou more? O Sea! O Earth! I burne
More than *Alcides* when he ſcorcht did turne,
Anointed in the bloud of *Neſſus* ſtout,
Scilician Ætna no ſuch flame ſends out,
Whilſt aſhes like I'am toſt with furious wind
In *Colchian* poiſons thou a heate doſt finde.
What end? or what reward for me doth ſtay?
Speake; truely thy commanded mulcts t' obey:
I'le readie yeild whether thou doſt require
A hundred heifers; or with fained Lyre
Thou wouldſt be ſounded, to be good and chaſte,
Or above ſtarres a Conſtellation plac't,
Caſtor inſtead of defam'd *Helena*
And *Pollux* moved tooke the eyes way
From the *Greeke* * *Poet* but o'recome againe
With prayers they reſtor'd ſafe to remaine.
And thou (for thou canſt mee) from madneſs ſet,
O thou of no baſe parents obſolete,
Nor thou from old mens graves being old and wiſe
The ninth dayes aſhes wak'ſt, or mak'ſt to riſe,

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* *Horatii deſcriptio Corporis exiqui præcanum, ſolibus opium: iraſci celerem tamen ut placabilis eſſem. Epiſt. 20. lib. 1.*

* *Steſichorus.*

Thy breaſt is gentle, and thy hands be pure;
Thou did'ſt deſcend from *Partumejus* ſure;
And in thy bloud, the midwife the clouts red
Doth waſh, as oft as thou leap'ſt ſtrong from bed.

The anſwer of *Canidia*, wherewith ſhe ſhewes, that with no prayers ſhe is to be intreated, becauſe the Poet had made known her witchcrafts.

Quid obſeratis auribus fundis preces?

Why doſt thou power out prayers to my ſtopt ears?
(When the deafe Rock ſooner poor Mariners hears)
Which winter Sea affronts on high waves borne,
Then thou ſhalt unreveng'd the *Cottyttia* ſcorne,
As by thy verſes commonly appear,
Which unto *Cupid* only ſacred were?
Of *Eſquiline* poiſons thou ſhall Cenſor be,
Filling the Towne with my name and goe free?
T'inrich *Pelignine* witches what's thy end,
And with more ſpeed dire poiſons for to blend;
If the ſlow Fates thee to my wiſhes ſtay?
And with loath'd life thy wretched end delay,
For this that ever to new puniſhment,
Thou maieſt ſuffice, which I'le for thee invent:
Pelops falſe Sire doth alwayes wiſh for reſt,
Proud *Tantalus* doth want his ſumptous feaſt,
Prometheus wiſh'd it to a Vulture bound;
Siſyphus wiſh'd it who a ſtone rowles round
Upon the top of a ſteep hill to lie
But *Plutos* lawes do reſt to them deny. (caſt,
Now from high Towers thou wouldſt thy ſelf down
Now in thy breaſt the *Norick*-ſword iheath faſt;
In vaine thou tieſt a halter to thy neck
When ſorrowes and diſdaine thy life doth check.

Then

Then on thy ſhoulders Souldier-like I'le ride;
The earth it ſelf ſhall yeild unto my pride.
But I that force wax Images to goe,
As thou thy ſelf being curious doſt know. (ſtoop,
And with my charme, the Moon from heaven make
And from the earth can bodies burnt raiſe up;
And can for lovers a ſtrong potion make;
Should I complaine, my Art could not thee take?

A ſecular verſe for the ſafety of the *Romane* Empire.

Phœbe, ſylvarumque potens Dianna.

Phœbus and thou *Diana* who doſt raigne (Plain
Throughout each Forreſt, Mountaine, Wood and
Heavens glorious Lamps honor'd ador'd of all
Grant what wee crave on this high feſtivall.
In which chaſt boyes with ſpotleſſe Virgins young
The Sybles bookes have taught to chang a ſong
Unto the Gods, whom *Rome* on ſeven hills Plac'd.
Doth pleaſe with honours due doth firſt and laſt.
And thou cleare Sun when round about earths ball
Thy Chariot makes the day light riſe and fall.
Who riſing divers art yet ſtill the ſame,
Thou nothing ſee'ſt then *Rome* of greater fame.
And thou *Diana* be to mothers kinde
By timely births thy helpfull hands to finde.
Whether thou doſt allow they ſhould thee call
Lucina, or the breeder of us all.
O thou great Goddeſſe ſtill produce the race
From *Romanes* ſprung and make them grow a pace.
Proſper the Senates lawes for womens mariage,
By new and fruitfull births without miſcarriage:
And let the world in every hundred year
Three daies & nights with faſting their hearts cheer;

And your three Sisters who the truth have told
Let the last fates be still as good as th'old.
Let store of Cattle and all fruits abound,
And with wheat eares let *Ceres* head be bound.
So let sweet ayre and holsome showres withall,
To nourish all things seasonably fall;
Apollo hear our Ladds praying for peace,
Moone Queene of Starres heare maidens for increase:
Let new *Rome* prosper for the work's thine owne,
From the decaied *Trojane* stock now growne.
Who by a prosperous winde at thy command,
Changed their former, for this new found land.
For whom *Æneas* after *Troy* burnt downe
Faultlesse remaining built another Towne.
And giving them more then they lost before
With greater plentie hee did them restore.
You Gods to toward youth good manners give,
Grant that old age in quietnesse may live
And to the *Romanes* still such favour show
They may in off-spring, wealth and honours flow.
Let great *Anchises* and sweet *Venus* race,
Who with white Oxen offer'd you doe grace:
Vanquish their enimies in open field,
Yet shewing pietie toward such as yeeld.
The *Medes* who are o'recome by Sea and Land,
Doe dread the Scepter in the *Romanes* hand,
So the proud *Indians* and the *Scithyans* crave
They with the *Romanes* may true friendship have
Now truth, peace, fame, and modestie growne old
With vertue slighted to returne are bold,
So with full source lost plentie doth appear
And hee who with his silver boaw shines clear;
Gratfull *Apollo* Sooth-saier divine
For Musick sweet lov'd of the Muses nine,
Who for restoring health canst medicines give
And make faint bodies cheerfully to live.

If

If he *Romes* Towers with favour doth behold,
Yea, *Rome* it ſelf with bleſſings manifold,
And her affaires whilſt *Latium* bleſt of late,
May to all ages ever propagate.
So let *Diana* hear thoſe fifteen men
And youth, to whom the cares of games is given.
And when they pray to her on *Aventine*
And *Algidus* her ears to them incline:
But I the learned *Chorus* who can tell
Dianas and *Apollos* praiſes well.
Will carry home theſe ſure and certaine notes
That all the Gods will yeild to theſe their votes.

The Firſt SATYRE.

He doth inveigh againſt the depraved conditions of moſt men, by which it happens, that at no time they will be contented with their own eſtate, nor are pleaſed with that inſtitution of life they were trained up in, but prefer others before their own, and being always weary of their own condition, they ſeem to be never contented, from whence he doth tax averice, and ſet it out in lively colours, taking occaſion from the ſpeech beginning thus.

To Sir Robert Coke.

Qui fit Mæcenas.

HOw is't *Mæcenas*, that there's no man lives
Contented with that lot that reaſon gives,
Or fortune doth afford, but alwayes praiſe
All ſuch as do delight in differing wayes?
The aged Souldier broken with long warr
Saith O! how happie you rich Merchants are,
And contrary the Merchant doth conteſt
His ſhip toſs'd with ſtrong windes, that warr is beſt
For to't they goe either ſwift death them ends,
Or in one houre glad victorie artends.
The skilfull Lawyer doth commend the life
Of th' husband-man, which is moſt void of ſtrife,

When

When as the Client at his doors doth knock,
Earely before the crowing of the Cock:
Hee having put in pledges who's drawne out
From the quiet Countrey to the Citie rout.
Doth ſtrait proclaime they only happie bee,
Which live in Cities and from travells free:
To ſpeak of others in this kinde 't would make
Even *Fabius* wearie and his tounge to ake;
And leaſt I ſhould delay thee, doe but hear
How far this mattar ſhall more plaine appear:
For now behold if any God ſhall ſay,
What's ever you deſire obtaine you may;
And therefore thou, who now a Souldier art,
Shall be a Marchant goe and act thy part;
And likewiſe thou, who now doſt cauſes plead,
A husband-man ſhall be, and that life lead.
Both you, and you, from hence away be gone
With your chang'd lots, & never more make moane.
Loe then why doe you linger, they ſtand ſtill,
Although they may be happie if they will.
Why ſhould not *Jove* now juſtly ſwell with ire,
And henceforth ſtop his ears to your deſire:
Further leſt laughing, I ſhould thorough run,
As who before ſuch merry things have done,
Although a laughing man the truth to tell
What doth forbid? ſince laughing pleaſeth well.
As Maſters kinde, to Boies give a ſweet cruſt,
That they may learne their elements at firſt.
But now all pleaſures being laid aſide
Let us ſeeke ſerious things which will abide.
Hee that will plough, turnes up the colddy ſoil,
The perjur'd Hoſt, the Souldier with much toil,
They who the Seas doe cut, voide of all feare;
With this minde they, their labours willing beare:
They ſay that being old they may enjoy
Their quiet reſt, being ſafe from all annoy.

When

When for themſelves they have laid ſuch a heap
Of nouriſhment, as will them ſafely keep.
(As for example) here of labour great
The Piſmire ſmall in her mouth drawes her meate,
As much as ſhe is able, and doth add
Unto that heape, which formerly ſhe had.
Not being ignorant, or voide of minde
Of the hard winter which is ſtill behind,
Soone as *Aquarius* makes ſad th'inturnd yeere
She lyeth cloſe nor out of doors will peere;
And wiſely uſeth that before ſhe got;
When as that thee, neither the Summer hot,
Nor cold nor heate, Sea, ſword, can ought reſtraine,
Nor from baſe lucre make thee to refraine.
Nothing can ſtop thy courſe leſt thou ſhouldſt ſee
Another to grow richer farre then thee.
What profits it though gold and ſilver ſtore
Thou in the dig'd earth, with feare downe doſt poure,
But if of that thou doſt diminiſh ought
To a poor farthing, it may ſoone be brought.
And if thou ſpend'ſt not, what good ſhalt thou reape
Unto thy ſelfe of all thy glorious heape?
If hundred thouſand of graine in thy ſtore
My bellies meaſure fil'd, thine holds no more;
As if thou ſhould'ſt of bread bear a full ſack
For to be ſold upon thy laden back,
By nothing more thou ſhalt of any thing
Receive than he that nothing home did bring.
Or tell whether who Natures law fulfill
Are beſt, or they who thouſand acres till:
But it is ſweet to take from a great heape
When out of leſſe, as much content wee reape.
Why doſt thou more ſtuft Graneries commend
Then our ſmall Baskets which with Oſiers bend?
When as thou need'ſt of water but one Cup;
Maiſt ſay I had rather from the flood tak't up,

Than

Than out of this ſmall fountain my thirſt ſlack,
Hence is't that thoſe who too much ſtore up take,
With the broak banck they often doe fal downe.
Whom *Aufidus* with his ſwift ſtreams doth drowne,
But he that wants no more than doth ſuffice,
No troubled waters with mud makes to riſe,
Neither his life within great floods doth loſe;
But ſure the greater part of men are thoſe
Whom luſt deceives, ſaying, nought pleaſeth me,
Such as my wealth, ſuch ſhall my honour bee.
What wilt thou ſay to him? command that hee
May ever live in wilfull miſery,
So long as hee thus doth as once 't was told
Of an * *Athenian* rich, but baſelie bold,
Who ſcorn'd the peoples out-cries, ſaying, this
The vulgar baſe at ſight of mee did hiſſe,
But I at home am by my ſelfe extold,
When I my monies in my cheſt behold,
Dry *Tantalus* ſnactheth the floods that ſinke
Under his lipps, but cannot of them drinke
Why laugheſt thou at this, change but the name,
The tale is told of thee thou art the ſame;
When on both ſides thy baggs about thee put
Thou without ſleep, and with thine eyes ſildome ſhut;
And art conſtrain'd as ſacred them to ſpare,
Or joy'd with ſight of them, as pictures faire.
Doſt thou not know with us what money can?
Or of what uſe it ſerveth unto man?
With it bread, hearbes, and wine we uſe to buy;
Which humane nature grives wee ſhould deny.
But heartleſſe night and day with feare to watch
And ſtill to dread leſt theeves thy wealth ſhould cath,

* There are many of theſe, *Hor: O Cives quærenda pecunia primum eſt virtus poſt nummos. Per. Venda animam ſucro mercare atq; excute ſolers omne latus mundi ne ſit locupletior alter.*

To

To feare the fire, or that bad ſervents may
Firſt pillage thee and after run away.
Doth this delight? I wiſh that evermore
Of all ſuch goods as theſe I bee moſt poor;
But if thy body being pinch'd with cold,
Or other chance thee in thy bed doth hold;
Haſt thou who may ſet by thee? foments make
Requeſting ſome Phyſitions thee to take
Into his care and cure, and thee to reare
Up to thy children; or thy kindred deere:
No not thy wife, nor childe doth wiſh thee well,
All thy known neighbours which near to thee dwell;
Both Boies and Girles thee hate, no wonder make,
When for thy gold thou all things doſt forſake,
Though none be ready, whoſe love thou maiſt gaine,
But if thy ſtock, which nature with no paine
Doth give to thee, thou woul'dſt keepe or retaine,
Unhappie thou 'tis labour all in vaine;
As if one ſhould in fields make an Aſſe run
And reines obey (which never yet was done)
For ſhame an end of ſeeking make at laſt,
And looke of treaſure how much more thou haſt
By ſo much leſſe thou povertie maiſt feare,
And ſo being leſſe labour for to bear.
And ſince what thou did'ſt wiſh for thou haſt got,
Let mee intreat thee that thou acteſt not
The part of one *Umidius* by name
(The tale's not long) who did acquire ſuch fame,
That hee might meaſure monies by the heape;
Yet was ſo baſe, that hee himſelf did keepe
No better then a ſlave, for feare leſt hee
For want of food at laſt ſhould famiſht bee.
When ſoddenly his wife ſtolne from his ſiide,
Did with ſharpe Axe in peeces him devide,
Who for that fact might well be ſtil'd of us
Moſt valiant daughter of old *Tindarus*,

What

What doſt perſwade me? *Nævius*-like to live?
Or *Nomintane?* who all did ſpend and give.
Now thou goeſt on, contraries to compoſe,
Which with themſelves do fight like open foes.
When I forbid of Miſers to be ſcum,
Muſt thou therefore a waſtfull knave become.
There's ſomething which may between *Tanäis* draw,
And of *Vicellus* wretched father-in-Law.
There is a meane in things; a certaine bound
Beyond or ſhort of which, no right is found.
I'ld end as I began, what is there none
(The Miſer leaſt) contented with their own?
Still praiſing others how it cuts his throat,
To ſee the ſtretch'd duggs of his neighbours Goat?
Nor doth with pooreſt men compare his ſtate,
But above all himſelf would elevate.
For poſting on, impatient of delay,
Some richer man a block caſts in his way.
Like as proud Courtiers, when they laſhed be,
Hurry the Chariots, from the liſts ſet free,
Out running others, pleaſe their divers mind,
Who much contemnes him whom he left behind.
Hence is't that we can ſeldome any ſee,
Can ſay he lives content, and from cares free,
And to be happy to his lives laſt day,
Or like a ful-fed Gueſt doth go away.
Enough, for fear you ſhould ſuſpect I had
Robb'd *Criſpines* deskes, not one word more I'le add.

SATYRE

SATYRE III.

He doth first reprehend such as overseeing their own errours, are most sharp in discerning those that are in other men, then he doth teach that by the example of lovers and parents, that for friendship sake, small faults should be passed by; and lastly he doth descend to condemne the Paradox of the *Stoicks* who would have all offences to be alike.

To Sir Charles Gros.

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus.

TIs all your Minstrels honour that besought,
Mongst friends their minds never to sing are brought
But being freely left to their own choice,
They'le chant it still with an unwearied voice.
This did *Tigellius* the *Sardinian* use,
When most desir'd, then would he most refuse.
Imperious *Cæsar*, whose command was great,
Should he by's own and's fathers love intreat
Could nought prevaile, but if he list hel'd sing,
Of *Baechus*, till the last dish in they bring.
With base voice now with treble strait hel'd squeak,
As if therewith his four-string'd Kit would break:
In all unconstant now he swift would go
As if pursu'd, then with a pace most slow.
Sometimes two hundred servants, oft but ten
Were all he had, now Kings and mighty men
Are subject, of his talke great things he'le tell.
Now give me my three-footed board and shell
Of purest salt, a coat of proof gainst cold
Though ne're so course, my body to infold.
But if to this now thousands you shall give,
Who with so little seem'd well pleas'd to live;
Within few daies his chests would hold no chinck,
Watching whole nights to revell, feast, and drinke,

But

Sleeping all day, never his like yet was
In ſuch diſcordant wayes a life to paſſe.
But what art thou thus ſome mee whom may preſſe
Haſt thou no faults? yes, others and not leſſe,
When *Mænius* abſent *Nonius* would taunt
Hoe Sir ſaith one are you ſo ignorant,
Of your own ſelf think'ſt thou me to deceive,
No, I quoth *Mænius* doe my ſelfe forgive,
So fooliſh is ſelfe-love blam'd worthily,
Since thine own faults thy blear eyes cannot ſpie,
Why ſo accutely doſt thy friends diſcerne
As with an Egles eye or Serpents ſterne.
But one the contrary there many bee
That thy cloſe errours will as ſharply ſee.
The man that's cholericke is moſt unfit
To beare the burthen of a ſcoffing wit:
'Tis ſport to ſee thy coat in th'clowniſh cut
Or thy large ſhooe turne round adout thy foote,
But hee's a good man none can better be
And above all hee is a friend to thee;
But under that plaine breaſt there hidden lies
A wit refinde which all defects ſupplies.
But now at laſt thy ſelf examine well
Whether no ſecret vices in thee dwel,
Which nature or ill cuſtome there hath ſowne,
Neglected fields with weeds are overgrowne.
Let's looke that way, love doth ſo blinde the ſight,
That faults or are not ſeene or elſe delight.
What made *Balbinus* elſe can you ſuppoſe
So highly pleaſ'd with *Agnas* putrid noſe.
I wiſh in friendſhip wee could erre ſtill ſo
That with our faults faire names along may goe.
As fathers deale with ſonnes, ſo wee likwiſe
Should not our friends for every fault deſpiſe;
A ſquint ey'd boy his father call halfe ſighted,
The leaſt to call him chicken is delighted,

Even

Even ſuch was that abortive *Siſyphus*
Whom oft his father pleas'd to call him thus.
One liſping calls halfe hammed leggs miſſe ſet,
And him ſlow pac'd whoſe anckles are too great.
Hee that's a miſer let's him thrifty call
And that no foole but one that boaſts of all,
Him eloquent that hath no other end
But that hee may ſeeme pleaſing to his friend.
So hee that doth the truth more freely tell
Hee's cali'd more angrie and by others fell.
Who is plaine dealing with no double tongue
Let him amongſt free ſpeakers goe along.
By this wee joyne friends and once joyn'd make ſure
That by this meanes their friendſhip will endure.
But our friends vertues wee doe quite miſcall
And parget the ſound veſſell moſt of all.
Hee that is honeſt wee faint hearted name
And hee that's ſlow with dulneſſe wee defame.
Who hath his life 'mongſt ſuch baſe people paſt
Where bitter envie and foule crimes grow faſt.
If one more ſimple ſeemes as in a muſe
Which garbe I in thy preſence oft did uſe
Mæcenas whom no railor could provoke
Him wee call one whom common ſenſe forſooke.
Alas! what raſh lawes 'gainſt our ſelves wee frame
Since none ſans vice into the world e're came.
That man is bleſt who with leaſt ſines abound;
But hee's a ſweet friend who is equall found
My vertues with my vices to compare
And finding that, theſe nor in number are,
Upon due ſearch than my foule errours be
Hee would incline or ſhew his love to mee.
By this rule hee weighing both in ſcale
That which is equall may to 'mee befall.
Who would not have his owne great faults offend
Muſt to his neighbours ſmaller pardon ſend.

So hee that pardon craves for his offence
Muſt doe the like to make juſt recompence.
Laſtly, becauſe wee cannot anger quell,
Nor other vices which with fooles doe dwell,
Why doth not reaſon with an equall eye
Weigh them together the truth to deſcrie;
Then give to all what they by right deſerve,
But let not Juſtice into riguor ſwarve:
If when a ſervant call'd to take a diſh
From's Maſters table of halfe broken fiſh,
His cruell Maſter him to death ſhould beate
For ſtopping up his lukewarme broken meate.
Amongſt wiſe men hee would more madd be call'd
Then *Labeo* was when hee 'gainſt *Cæſar* bauld.
How farre more franticke would appear this deed
Then hee whoſe hunger forced him to feed.
What though thy friend ſome pettie fault commit,
Thou ſeem'ſt too harſh unleſſe thou pardon it;
If bitter then thou hat'ſt him and doſt fly
As *Druſos* debters did when they drew nigh.
Or if poor wrerches fail'd monies to pay
His uſe or dept on the ſad Calends day,
Then captives-like they ſhall ſuch ſtoris heere,
Which ſhall to them bitter as death appear.
Becauſe thy friend when drunke his bed hee piſſe
Or 'cauſe *Evanders* cup fill from his fiſt,
Or hungrie from my diſhers ſide one took
A pullet, ſhall I now the worſe him brook.
Admit hee plaies the thiefe what's to be done
Or from his faith or promiſe hee hath gone?
How ever ſome all ſins alike doe deeme
Yet upon full debate they doubtfull ſeeme.
For ſence known cuſtom and utilitie,
Mother of juſt and right all this deny.
When men from th' earth poore animalls crept out
Like mute and brute beaſts that did range about

Lodging

Lodging and food with nailes and fiſts they ſought
After with clubbs, at laſt with weapons fought.
Such as experience and uſe did frame
Till words were found to give each thing a name.
Whereby their ſpeed and meanings well expreſt
They then began from hoſtile acts to reſt,
They wall'd their Towns about, and Lawes deviſe
Againſt thefts, rapines, and adulteries.
For many light heels before *Hellen* farre
Have beene the cauſes of moſt bloudie warre.
But theſe all periſh'd ſoone by deaths unknowne
Becauſe no famous writers did them owne,
Who hunting common whores cal'd none their own:
Like the bruit beaſts, or as the Bull in th' heard
Puſhing their underlings for ſtrength are feard.
For all muſt needs confeſſe lawes firſt were us'd
For fear that weake ſhould be by ſtrong abus'd
If thou ſhouldſt ſearch all the worlds ages over,
Weak nature cannot right from rong diſcover,
Nor cut a difference 'twixt good and bad.
Things to be ſhun'd or long'd for to be had,
Nor reaſon can this paradox evince
As hee as heinouſly or guiltie ſins;
Who to get coleworts breaks his neighbours hedge,
As night Rooks who commit foule ſacriledge.
A rule muſt be to puniſh every ſin
According as it great or ſmall hath beene.
That you him with a ferruler will beat
For whom the ſoreſt ſtripes are not to great,
I doe not feare but when you thus compare
Rapine with theft as if all equall were,
Surely if men of thee a King ſhould make
Of great and ſmall like puniſhment thou'lt take.
If only hee that's wiſe may be call'd rich.
Hee only neate in taking of his ſticth,

If he be only beautiful and King,
What now thou haſt, why doſt thou wiſh that thing.
But know'ſt thou not what old *Chryſippus* ſaid,
No wiſe man for himſelf e're ſlippers made,
Yet may a Shoomaker be wiſe as was
Hermogines, who for ſinging did ſurpaſſe.
Subtile *Alfenus* firſt a Cobler known,
Left ſhop and tooles and wore the Lawyers gown.
Thus every wiſe man in his trade is beſt,
And he alone is King of all the reſt.
O fooliſh Stoick! art not thou afeard
Leſt wanton Boies ſhould pluck thee by the beard?
Whom if thou doſt not with thy ſtaffe drive out,
Thou ſhalt be vext with them that ſtand about;
And whretched barke til thy ſides burſt in ſunder,
Thou great'ſt of Kings, to whom all elſe ſeeme under.
But to be ſhort, whilſt thou to bathe doth go
King in conceit, but one that ſeemeſt ſo,
Becauſe, beſides, fool *Criſpine* to defend
Thy perſon, there's none or thee to attend.
If my ſweet friends pardon my fooliſhneſſe,
As I to their faults freely do profeſſe,
Then private I more happineſſe ſhal own
Then thou *Eutopian* King without a Crown.

SATYRE VIII.

He brings in *Priapus*, God of the Gardens and Woods, complaining of *Canidia* and *Sagana* two famous witches, and deſcribing what was done by them in ſecret.

To Sir John Holland.

Olim truncus eram ficulaus mutile lignum.

SOmetimes a Fig-tree trunck, a fruitleſſe Wood
When as the Carver to make ſtoole or God,
But doubtful was, rather a God me made,
And then of me both Theeves and Birds afraid.

For

For Theeves I chac'd away with my right hand,
And with a toole that bolt upright did ſtand;
But the bold birds a Reed did drive away,
And doth forbid them in the fields to ſtay.
Firſt hether bodies from poore Cells borne out
In a vile cheſt a ſervant did them put,
To the baſe-vulgar this was firſt a grave,
For every Jeaſter and for every ſlave.
A thouſand foote in bredth, in length this field
This * carved-ſtone three hundred foot doth yeeld,
Leſt that this ground devolves to the Heires line
Now may they dwell on th'holſome ‖ *Eſquiline*
And in that open field to take delight,
Where ſad beholders view'd it with bones white;
Where theeves nor beaſts that hether did repaire,
Are unto mee ſuch labour and ſuch care;
As are thoſe witches, who with poiſons ſtrange
And curſed charmes doe humane bodies change;
Theſe by no meanes I can deſtroy or ſhift
When as the wandring Moone a loft doth lift
Her ſhining face, but bones up they doe rake,
And hurtful hearbes from Sepulchers they take.
Yea, I have ſeen *Canidia* tuckt to goe
With a black coat, bare-footed, her haire flowe
And with the greater *Sagana* to howle
(When paleneſſe made their faces to ſeem foule)
And did begin with nailes the earth to ſcratch;
And with their teeth a tender Lambe to ſnatch;
With bloud powred downe into a ditch;
And ſo from thence they did goe on to witch,
Raiſing up Ghoſts as ſometimes they did live,
And making ſoules dire anſwers fore to give.
An Image made of wooll did upright ſtand
And that of waxe it eaſilie did command.

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* *H. M. H. N. S. Cippus his literis inſcriptus.* ‖ *Collis Eſquilinus,* a Hill in Rome.

The greateſt made of wool, which would conſtraine
The waxen Image to indure ſuch paine.
Th'one *Hecatè* call, th'other *Tiſiphone*;
Hels-dogs and Serpents to ſtray you may ſee;
And the Moon bluſhing, leſt by theſe eſpied
And witneſſe made, behinde the graves did hide.
And if I lie, I wiſh that now my head
May with white-dung of Crowes be covered;
Julius, *Pedatius*, *Voranus* the ſcum,
On me to piſſe and th'other thing may come.
Why ſhould I reckon all? how in their courſe
The Ghoſts with *Sagana* did ſound ſhril and hoarſe?
And how cloſe in the earth they had interr'd
With tooth of ſpotted ſnake, and old woolfs beard,
With th' waxen Image how the fire did flame,
And how I ſeeing all revenged came.
How I the voice of Furies ſilenc'd quite,
And the two witches facts did ſore affright.
And I *Priapus* ſuch a crack out thruſt
As ſounded like a bladder when it's burſt.
But theſe two ſtartled ran into the Towne,
Canidias teeth, *Saganas* curls fell down,
When with great mirth and laughter you might ſpie
Hearbs & charm'd ſtrings falne from their own armes
(to lie.

SATYRE IX.

The Poet by way of an alternate ſpeech, doth deſcribe the importunate and obſtinate buſie talking of one whom by chance he met with, in which ſomethings he babled out boaſtingly, other things impudently, and moſt of all fooliſhly, with whom he was long detained againſt his will, that he had almoſt died with anger and vexation.

To Sir Thomas Woodhouſe.

Ibam forte ſacra vica.

BY chance I on the ſacred way did walke
(As 'twas my uſe) what trifles I did talke,

Not

Not knowing well, and whole in them: one came
To mee which was but only known by name,
And having catcht my hand hee thus did ſay,
How doſt my ſweete? as well as now I may
I anſwered him, I wiſh thee well (ſaid hee)
In every thing; when ſtill he followed mee,
I to prevent did ask what he would more
Thou know'ſt (ſaith hee) of learning I have ſtore,
Then I repli'd, becauſe thou learned art
I thee eſteeme; but carefull to depart
Sometimes I went a pace ſometimes ſtood ſtill;
Not knowing what in my Boies eare to tell,
When as the ſweat ran downe my heels with paine,
I ſoftly ſpake, O thou of happie braine
* *Bollanus* art; when from all things h' would raiſe
Matter of talke both Towns and ſtreets would praiſe.
But after I no anſwer would beſtow
Hee ſaid, I ſee thou willingly wouldſt goe
But all in vaine, for I will hold thee faſt
Or follow thee, from hence what journey haſt?
I ſaid 'tis needleſſe thou ſhouldſt goe with mee,
For I will viſit one unknowne to thee,
Who farre beyond the *Tiber* now doth lie
And unto *Cæſars* gardens dwelleth nigh,
He ſaith, I am at leiſure, nor am ſlow,
Unto his lodging I with thee will goe.
Now like an Aſſe mine eares I doe let fall
That with his burthen is not pleas'd at all.
He thus begins, unleſſe I much miſtake,
Of *Viſcus* thou, nor *Varius* more wilt make.
For who can more or ſooner verſes write,
Or who can readier move his body light?
I ſing at which *Hermogines* doth envie
I tooke occaſion thus to put him by.
Haſt thou a Mother, friends that thee doe need?
Not one, ſaith hee, all thoſe I buried,

* His Boy.

O happie they, yet I remaine kill mee
For now doth haſten my ſad deſtine,
Which with mov'd Urne *Sabella* old had ſung.
To mee by divination being young,
No cruell poiſons, ſword of enimie
Cough, ſluggiſh Gout, nor ſides ſharpe Pluriſie
Shall him deſtroy; but when a Babler ſhall
Encounter cloſe, it may him hard befall.
Therefore as ſoone as age to him comes on
If hee be wiſe let him all Praters ſhun.
So unto *Veſtas* Temple wee had paſt
And now the fourth part of the day is waſt,
By chance hee ws to anſwer then a ſuit:
Or elſe to loſe the cauſe if taken mute.
Hee ſaith if thou doſt love mee here draw nigh
Let mee not ive if I can ſtand ſaid I
Or yet at all the civill Lawes doe know:
Beſide thou kno'ſt how farr I have to goe.
I douhfull am ſaith hee, what courſe to take
Whether my cauſe or thee for to forſake?
Leave mee I pray; no that I will not doe
Hee ſaith, and then before mee hee doth goe
I follow (for tis hard for to contend (* friend?
With one too ſtrong) how iſt with thy great
Hence hee begins I ſaid hee's one not found
Much in acquaintance yet of judgment ſound,
No man could ever more dexteriouſly
Make uſe of Fortune than thy ſelf ſaid hee.
Would'ſt thou a helper have that ſtoutly can
Second thy ſelf; wilt thou prefer this man.
I'le ne're be ſeene if thou canſt caſhiere
Even whom thou pleaſe, not ſo, wee live not here
As you ſuppoſe no houſe more pure then this,
Nor to ſuch miſchiefes more a ſtranger is,
At any time no hurt can come to mee,
If this man richer or more learned be.

* *Macenas.*

And

And every one his place doth freely hold.
Thou tel'ſt things ſcarce to be beleeved or told.
'Tis ſurely ſo, thou ſet'ſt mee all one fire
And to be neere him I thee more deſire.
Thou'lt only be his friend, thy worth is ſuch:
Thou ſhalt prevaile, that labour is not much:
And that it hath beginnings hard; ſome ſhifts
I will not want, for I'le corrupt with gifts
His chiefeſt ſervants: for if I this day
Sall be thruſt out, I meane not ſo to ſtay.
I will finde fitter time when I may meete
And bring him home, as he comes through the ſtreet,
For this life nothing unto men doth give
Without great labour wherewith they may live.
As thus hee prates behold my deareſt friend
Ariſtius Fuſcus meetes mee in the end:
Who knew this fellow well, wee made a ſtand
Whence com'ſt? or whether go'ſt? hee doth demand:
And anſwer gives, I doe begin to catch;
His winding armes, which he from me would ſnatch,
And nodding with my head and with turn'd eies,
That he to ſave me ſome trick might deviſe;
But he too ſubtile, my minde would not know;
Which made my choler ſtraight to overflow,
I know not what thou ſaid'ſt, thou faine woul'ſt tell
To me in private I remember well:
But I in fitter time will it declare:
For now at hand the *Jewes* great Sabbaths are.
Wilt thou deride the circumciſed *Jewes?*
I tell thee true I no religion uſe;
But then doe I, one among many weake
You pardon may elſe-where you ſhall me ſpeake
Could ſuch a black day once upon me riſe?
How my true friend with laughter from me flies.
And me doth leave under the Axe to die,
His adverſarie by good hap drew nigh,

And

And with loud voice he doth begin to rave
Whether away thou moſt pernitious knave?
May not I *Horace* thee for witneſſe call?
I lent mine eare ſeeming well pleas'd withall.
He drawes him into the *Tribunall* ſeat,
Between them both the noiſe was very great,
On every ſide the people thronged faſt,
And ſo *Apollo* ſaved me at laſt.

Sic me ſervavit Apollo.

SATYRE VI.

That he is content to live of thoſe things which are his own, neither doth deſire more. Then he compareth the commodities, which he doth injoy in the Country, with the troubles and moleſtations of the City life.

To William Hevenningham Eſquire.

Hoc orat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus.

TWas juſt my wiſh my dwelling ſhould be near
A little field, a fountaine running cleare,
A Garden, with a little grove beſide it,
Yet have the Gods better and more provided.
It's well O *Mercury!* no more I'le crave,
Of thee but that theſe gifts I ſure may have:
If by no fraud I have increaſt goods left:
Or through no vice I be of them bereft:
If none of theſe I fooliſh do require:
To gaine that corner next: (a fond deſire)
Which makes my field unequally to lie:
Or that good fortune monies would ſupply
As unto him who plough'd his neighbours ground,
Hercules favorite: who treaſures found
To buy that field, what's preſent pleaſeth me,
I with this prayer do thus requeſt of thee,
That thou wilt make my Cattle fat, and full,
And all things elſe beſide my wit that's dull:

And

And ſhew thy ſelf my Guardian beſt approv'd
As formerly when I from *Rome* remov'd:
When on the mountaines and a towring Hill,
I may with Satyres frolick out my fill.
N' Ambition there nor dull South-winds deſtroy,
Nor Autumne *Libitines* friend can me annoy,
O father *Janus* who with willing ear,
Doſt early in the morning Suiters hear.
From whom men have their labours firſt begun,
And in that courſe through their whole life do run.
Thus will the Gods from thee my verſe doth come
Thou wilt with haſt mee *Sponſor* make at *Rome*:
Well, put me on, leſt any with more ſpeed
Officious bee then I, at time of neede. (rake:
Whether the Northern blaſt th' earths fruits doth
Or the cold winter the daies ſhort doth make.
I muſt appeare and after in the thronge
With a cleare voice ſtrive to declare my wrong.
What injury, ſaid hee, madly doſt thou do,
Whilſt I tread on their heels that ſlowly go,
And what wouldſt have with curſes hee doth threat
When in thy way thou every man doſt beat:
If mindfull of good turnes had thou'lt goe tell:
Mæcenas all thy minde, this likes mee well,
Soone as I came to th'*Eſquiliæ* Ile'not lie,
A hundred Clients round about mee flie;
Roſcius intreats about an houre fore three
To morrow thou his Advocate wouldſt be.
And that thou *Quintus* for great cauſe this day.
Beeſt mindfull to returne the Scribes thee pray,
And be this chiefe 'mongſt many cares of thine.
That good *Mæcenas* may theſe Tables finge.
If thou wilt ſay't to pleaſe thy minde I'le try?
Then if thou wilt thou canſt hee'le ſtrait reply,
The ſeventh is paſt and well nigh the eight yeare,
Since amongſt *Mæcenas* friends I did appeare:

Cheifly

Chiefly for this when journies hee did make
That he into his Chariot me would take:
To whom ſuch trifles as theſe he would tell,
What is't a clock, *Syrus* and *Thrax* ſute wel?
How mornings cold doe pinch men void of feare:
Theſe things he may truſt to each open eare.
Thus all this time yea every day and houre
I ſubject am to envies wrath and power:
Yet all men call me happie, Fourtunes ſon.
When up and down to all ſports I doe run.
From Court when rumours vaine come to the ſtreet
I asked am of all that doe me meet
Good *Horace* tell us, for needs know thou muſt
When with their ſecrets all great men thee truſt:
What news from *Dacia*? I heard none ſaid I.
How you can poore men jeere they thus reply,
Let the Gods vexe me if I any know
Or what firme ſtipends *Cæſar* will beſtow
Upon his ſouldiers promiſed before
Or from *Cicilian* or th'*Italian* ſhore.
Nor wonder they though I with Oaths deny
Since none is knowne of greater ſecrecie.
Thus wretched I with theſe the day miſpend,
Not without wiſhes veine which ne'r befriend.
O Country farme when ſhall I thee behold?
When ſhall I paſſe my time with Authors old,
Now with ſweet ſleepe, then with hours of delight,
That I may put all carefull thoughts to flight.
O! when ſhall I *Pythagoras* his beanes taſt
With ſallets ſmear'd with lard together plac'd?
O nights and pleaſing ſuppers which we eate
Neere to our houſhold Gods what ere's our meate.
Which I firſt taſting then my prating Swaines
May take the leavings which from them remaines,
Where every one as pleaſeth him may drinke
with ſparing Cupps, or Bowles fill'd to the brinke:

Freed

Freed from madd cuſtomes or large potts with eaſe
Hee drinks being ſtrong, or ſmal draughts if he pleaſe.
Betweene us therefore no diſcourſe muſt be
If *Lepos* leapes well, or baſe uſurie,
But rather that which doth to us pertain,
Let us require from vice how to refrain.
Whether with riches men moſt happie ſeeme,
Or elſe with vertue which few doe eſteeme.
What ſtrengthens friendſhip, profit, or that's right;
Or what's the chiefeſt good for mans delight,
Amongſt theſe *Cervius* th'old wives tales doth tell
Of neighbours neere which round about did dwel;
Thus he begins, if any that's unskil'd
Doth praiſe *Arellus* riches with cares fill'd
Once on a time the ſimple country Mouſe
Did bid a Citie creature to his houſe,
The Hoſt and Gueſt of old acquaintance were,
The Hoſt not delicate, yet made ſuch cheere
And with inlarged minde brought forth his ſtore,
Hoping to pleaſe his Gueſt what would you more?
His long hid peaſe dri'd raiſens, barly faire
Nor's halfe gnawne Bacon he at all did ſpare
With dainty tooth ſcarce taſting and away,
When father Mouſe, ſtretch'd one a chaffe-heape lay,
Who eating droſſe and darnell did forſake
The better Cates the City Mouſe then ſpake
Art pleas'd my friend with patience here to live
In ſecret woods? Wilt thou preferment give
To men fore theſe? come, come along with mee
Beleeve that I a faithfull Giude will be:
Since earthly creature mortall ſoules have got
Both baſe and noble, death draws out by lot.
Now whilſt you may in good things take content
And mindfull be how ſoone our life is ſpent,
When theſe things had wrought on the Country
Hee nimbly leapes out of his ſilent houſe: (Mouſe,
Thence

Thence both with preſt deſire to th' City go,
Nor were they in their purpos'd voiage ſlow,
Though ſomewhat late they got the wales at laſt,
Juſt when the night had half her journey paſt;
Now when they were into the rich houſe come
On Ivory beds where Carpets grac'd the roome,
All ſhining bright, dipt in deep *Tyrian* die,
Where many dainties were left to ſupply
From yeſter-nights great ſupper, which were ſet
In ſeverall baskets, ordered moſt compleat.
When all along the Country Mouſe did lie
On purple Robes th' Hoſt up and downe doth flie
Tuckt like a ſervant, for to entertaine
With a free mind, and meats that were not plaine.
Thus he with diligence theſe duties ſped
Taſting each diſh before 'twas offered.
The Gueſt thus pleas'd and over-joy'd to ſee
His changed lot a merry Gueſt was he,
But ſuddainly a horrid noiſe doth ſhake
Both the ſhut doors, and from their beds them take.
They thus affrighted through the lodging run,
Fears ſildome ſingle go when ence begun:
For inſtantly about the houſe they hear
Loud barking Maiſtives; which them moſt did fear,
Then ſaid the field Mouſe, what need I this life,
Wherein ſuch dangers every where are riſe?
Now farewell it, my Wood and quiet Cave
Shall keep me ſafe, where I plaine pulſe will have.

SATYRE

Epist. VI.

To Numicius.

He ſaith neither to admire, nor to be over-much deſirous of any thing, is the only thing that belongs to happineſſe of life:

To Francis Gerard Eſquire.

Nil admirare prope res eſt una Numici
Solaq; quæ poſſit facere & ſervare beatum.

Numicius one thing only may thee make
Happy, and keep thee ſo, no care to take,
There are who fearleſſe view the Stars and Sun,
How they do riſe and fall, what courſe they run.
Much leſſe the treaſures of the earth to mind
Which in the Sea th'*Arabs* and *Indians* find,
What *Romane* Games applauſe and gifts to ſee,
And at ſuch ſhowes regardleſſe ſtill to be,
For who to theſe contrary things doth fear
In the ſame manner troubled thoughts doth bear,
For ſuddaine fear ſurpriſeth both alike,
When ſuddaine chance together both doth ſtrike.
For they that joy or ſorrow in exceſſe
Are ſooneſt drown'd in flouds of wretchedneſſe.
So they that fear and covet are the ſame,
With worſe or better hopes they loſe their aime,
With caſt-downe eyes in body and in mind
They droop, and looke for that they cannot find.
The wiſe man mad, the juſt is wicked taught,
When over zealouly they vertue ſought.
Go then, Gold, Marble, fine cut Braſſe out ſpie
Admire with glittering Pearles the *Tyrian* die;
Rejoyce that thouſands have great pleaſures tooke
And at thy pleading long'd on thee to looke.
Be leiger at the Bar by the firſt light,
And come not home nntil thou bring'ſt home night.

Leaſt

Leſt *Marius* ſhould gaine more by his wives field,
Then thy known birth and vertues can thee yeild.
Who frets though he of meaner parents came,
That thou, then he, ſhould'ſt purchaſe greater fame.
What ever under earth doth cloſe remaine,
Time brings to light, and hides it up againe.
Though now *Agrippas* porch and th' *Appian* way
Beholds thee glorious, yet death cals away.
Whether good *Numa* and *Ancus* went before,
When as thy ſide or reignes are vexed ſore,
With ſome ſharp ſickneſſe ſeek from that to fly,
Wilt thou live happy who wil this deny?
If vertue only this thing can effect,
Then con antly mind this, delights reject.
Think'ſt thou that words alone make vertue good?
Can every Grove become a hollowed Wood?
Beware leſt any gets the haven before
Aud ſo thou ne're canſt bring thy wares to ſhore.
A thouſand Talents heaped up do lie
They ſoon as many more will multiply.
Then the third number, and the fourth up-rake,
Which in a ſquare four hundred thouſand make.
Queen money with a dower, both wife and friends
Honours and beauty in all ſorts commends.
Feature and eloquence to coine grace do bring,
Slaves and not money make rich th' *Aſian* King.
Be not like him but like *Lucullus* when
He was invited for to grace the Sceane
With five ſcore rich robes, which he firſt deni'd,
But after with ten thouſand them ſuppli'd.
That houſe is meane where Theeves do not eat more
Then the true owners, which renew the ſtore.
Therefore if riches can men happy make
Seek after theſe, and vertue quite forſake.
Whom outward fame or honours do delight,
Let them hire ſervants, Clients names to write;

And

And at their Maſters left ſide let them ſtand
To ſhew to whom they ſhould ſtretch out their hand.
In *Fabius* Tribe this man doth bear great ſway,
That in *Velinas* can cut out a way,
Even whom he liſt the firſt can Conſul make,
From any th' other can the Chariot take.
Add this in mirth as each age doth require,
Call this man ſon by name, the other Sire.
If he that fareth daintily lives right,
To pleaſe his taſte lets go at the firſt light,
To fiſh and hunt what's e're comes in the way,
By price or craft this great Lord to obey.
Ah once *Gargilius* early did command
His men with ſpears and nets within their hand,
To paſſe the Market throng'd with people ſtore,
From whence a Mule ſhould bring a dear bought Boar.
In view of all let's bathe full ſtuft with meat,
And what is comely let us quite forget.
Worthy the brand the *Cerites* have borne,
Or like *Ulyſſes* mates which counſels ſcorne.
If with *Minervus* thou think'ſt nothing fit
Without ſweet loves, and ſharpeſt ſtraines of wit,
Thou maiſt uſe theſe, if better things are known
Kindly impart, if not make theſe thine owne.

Epist. XII.

To Iccius.

Whom he ſaith hath much commodities, which if he can uſe them well, that from *Jove* himſelf he cannot be made more happy or rich, alſo ſhewing that every rich mans greatneſſe is in the true uſe of his riches, and by his example he doth tell that it needs not to be wondered at what is ſpoken of *Democritus*: Then he perſwades him that he would receive *Groſpus* into his ſociety, and alſo certifies in what condition the *Romane* affaires are.

To Sir John Rous.

Fructibus Agrippæ Siculis quos colligis Icci.

IF of *Scicilium* fruits which thou doſt take
Icchius, a good and lawful uſe thou make,
No greater ſtore high *Jove* to thee can give,
Leave to complaine when with ſmal things we live.
If meat, drinke, clothing, or a horſe to ride
Thou haſt, what Prince can greater things provide?
If in the midſt of dainties thou art ſet,
Yet thou abſtemious only herbes doſt eat,
Thou forthwith liv'ſt as if by fortunes hap,
True golden ſhowers were pour'd into thy lap.
Either cauſe money Nature cannot turne,
Or elſe for that we vertual things do ſcorne,
Wonder we why *Democritus* his field
With others cattle fed, no fruit doth yeild.
Whilſt after greater things his minde doth ſtray,
Far from his body and ne're marks his way.
So tainted with contagions of baſe gaine,
Canſt thou e're hope theſe high things to obtaine?
What cauſes bounds the Sea, and how the year
Is temper'd in the changes all appear?
Whether the ſtars freely or elſe by force
Move now direct, now wander in their courſe.
What waines the Moon? what makes her fully bright?
How jarring concord brings all things to right.

Which

Which of *Empedocles* or *Stertinius* er'd
But whether fiſh or herbes are moſt prefer'd?
Take to the *Groſphus* yeeld to his deſire,
Since nothing but whats right he will require.
When good men want needfull ſupplies then friends,
Though cheape proviſion, yet makes full amends.
But leſt thou ſhouldſt not know the *Romane* State,
Cantaber by *Agrippas* force of late.
Armenius fell by *Neröes*, *Cæſar* ſees
Phräates now ſubdu'd and on his knees.
Laſtly the fruits of our *Italian* ground,
With golden plentie every where abound.

EPIST. XIII.

To Vinnius. Aſella

Of whom he deſires that in preſenting his books to *Auguſtus*, that he would have a reſpect, both to the time and the conveniencies thereof.

Vt proficiſcentem docui te ſæpe dirque.

LOng and oft have told you when you went
How you my bookes to *Cæſar* ſhould preſent;
If well, if blithe, or if he them deſire
Preſent them then, elſe not I thee require;
Leſt by thy erring thoughts for me there come
Upon my bookes a ſhamefull odium.
But if the burden of them thou doſt feare
Caſt it away and them no further beare
Whether th'art bidden leſt in ruder ſort,
Aſſe-like thou breakſt the ſaddles making ſport.
So may thy fathers ſur-name of the Aſſe
On thee with laughter in a fable paſſe.
Uſe thy beſt meanes paſſing each Lake, Floud, Hill,
But when thou com'ſt where thou haſt wrought thy will
Carry them comely keepe them in thy hand
Not as a Clowne that ſteales a Lambe to ſtand,

Or drunken *Pyrrhia* who ſtolne wooll did hide
Under her arme to keepe her theft unſpide.
Or like a wine-ſprung Gueſt who hat and ſhooes
Huggs cloſe for feare he by the way them loſe.
Nor rudely tell that thou didſt ſweat to beare
Verſes which might take *Cæſars* eies and eare.
With all ſubmiſſion labour well to ſpeake,
Farwell take heed leſt thou my precepts breake.

EPIST. XIX.

To Mæcenas.

He doth reprehend the depraved ſtudies of ſome Poets, for imitating rather vices, then vertues, calling Imitators ſenceleſſe beaſts; and contrary, he doth deny to follow the rules of any other: from thence he giveth a reaſon why they who are delighted with the reading of his book at home do praiſe them, but a broad do diſcommend them.

To my Brother Sir Thurſtan Smith.

Priſco ſi credis Mæcenas docte Cratino.

LEarned *Mæcenas* if thou credit give
To old *Cratinus* thoſe rimes cannot live.
Nor can longe pleaſe which water-drinkers make;
How Poets rapt, *Bacchus* did undertake,
And mongſt the Satyres and the Fawnes them plac'd
The Muſes ſweet almoſt or wine doe taſt
Untill the Morne: and *Homer* is accus'd
In praiſing wine, with wine to be infus'd:
Old Father *Ennius* n'er to write began
Of warres till firſt he had well toſs'd the Can.
Libos Tribunal and the Judgment hall
I wiſh they may to ſober mens ſhare fall,
Severer men who ſerious things effect,
From Poetry I utterly reject.
So ſoon as this old *Ennius* had ſpake out
The Poets ceaſed not, but went about
Immediately, whole nights full bowles to drink,
And of the ſame all the next day to ſtinke.

What?

What? if that any with ſterne look, foot, bare,
Short coated in old *Catos* garbe appear,
Muſt he therefore, forthwith the vertues have
And the ſtrickt manners, of that *Cato* grave?
Timagines his envied tongue did breake
Hyarbitas whilſt he did ſtrive to ſpeake,
And ſtudied to be eſteemed wiſe,
Example doth deceive, when with diſguiſe
Of vices, it is followed what if I
Looke pale by chance, ſhould others inſtanly
Drinke bloud-leſſe Cummine, ſervile cattle all
You Imitators, oh how oft my gall!
How oft to mirth your tumults moved mee,
Firſt through this field I have ſet foot-ſteps free,
Nor in anothers ſteps my foote doth ſtand,
That Captaine thruſts himſelfe, that leads the band:
Jambicks firſt found out in *Paros* Ile,
I firſt made knowne unto the *Latian* ſoile.
Archilochus his courage and his verſe
I followed cloſe and did not once rehearſe
His deeds or words, which forc'd through cruell ſtrife
Lycambes, with a rope to end his life,
And leſt thou ſhould'ſt me crown with ſhorter baies,
Becauſe I fear'd to change his Art and Laies:
The Maſculine *Sappho*, and *Alcæus* uſe
To temper well *Archilochus* ſterne Muſe:
But both in order and in deeds miſlike
Nor Father-in-Law hee ſeeketh for to ſtrick
With railing rimes, nor with a famous * check
Doth knit a halter 'bout his Spouſes neck
This I a Lyrick to the Latines ſent
Not ſpoken of before nor what he meant.
But it doth pleaſe that telling things untold
Ingenuous eies and hands mee read and hold.
Wilt thou know why at home my little paines.
Th'ingrateſull Reader loves; abroad diſdaines;

* *Libell.*

I do not of th' inconſtant vulgar ſeeke
Favours, whom ſuppers and old clothes make ſpeake:
Hearer, nor Judge of noble writers I,
Nor worthy learned Pulpits to come nigh.
Hence flow theſe teares becauſe my writings are
Unworthy of the publick Theater,
And that it ſhames mee them for to recite,
And unto trifles add a further weight.
Some envious ſtraight will ſay thou doſt us jeere
And doſt preſerve them only for *Joves* eare.
Thou truſts alone ſweet Poems forth to ſend.
Thus to thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe thou doſt commend.
At this I dare not once my noſtrills ſtretch,
Leſt that ſome wrangler with ſharp nailes ſhould ſcratch,
I crie aloud I much diſlike this place,
And to amend my verſes crave ſome ſpace.
For ſporting oft makes fearefull ſtrife and jarre
That jarre gets hatred, hatred deadly warre.

EPIST. XX

To his Book.

With whom he doth expoſtulate for his deſire of publiſhing himſelfe to the world and having propounded many dangers he indeavours to deterre him from that courſe relating of his ſtock, parentage, life, and manners, and ſomething of his ſtature and age which he would have be ſpoken of by him.

Vertumnum Janumq; liber ſpectare videris.

ON *Janus* and *Vertumnus* thou my booke
Poliſht for ſale doſt oft deſire to looke.
Praiſing things common doſt lament that few
Can for thy private life of thee take view.
Then hating all reſtraint in which a minde
That modeſt is may great contentment finde.
Unto this end I did not thee compoſe
That thou to dangers ſhouldſt thy fame expoſe.

Refuſe

Refuſe to goe whether thou doſt deſire,
For once ſent out thou'lt hardly ſafe retire.
But if th'art hurt and into ſtraights art brought
Thou'lt crie to take what have I done or thought?
When as thy Reader which thee firſt did love
Forſakes thee quite, let this my Augurie move
Void of hatred, whilſt thy youth doth laſt
Rome will thee hugg within her boſome faſt:
But when with ſordid Vulgar hands th'art worne
Thou muſt feed Mothes, or ſilence beare with ſcorne,
Or to *Ilerda*' or *Vtica*' be ſent,
As vile was paper fit for excrement,
Then I that warn'd, not heard but with diſdaine,
Will laugh at thee as hee who chafes in vaine,
Forcing an Aſſe up a ſteep hill to run,
For who'l ſave him who's willingly undone?
Looke for this Fate as he who Schooles will keep
In's ſtammering age, muſt into corners creep.
But when the ſun ſhall in his temperate heate
Draw many hearers, thus thou maiſt repeate,
That I a Libertines ſon of ſmall eſtate
Beyond my neaſt my feathers did dilate,
Yet looke how much from me my birth may take
My vertues may amends ſufficient make.
How I in peace and warr held no meane place
And that the greateſt did me alwayes grace.
Small bodied, quickly grey, apt for th'hot Sun,
To wrath ſwift, but as ſoone gone as begun.
If any ſhall by chance of thee require
My age, thou thus maiſt anſwer his deſire.
My fortith fourth December was that yeare
When *Lepidus* and *Lollius* Conſulls were.

FINIS.